

Beyond the Darkness

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Beyond the Darkness

THREE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE
WE LIVE AFTER DEATH

By Stella Terrill Mann

A REPORT ON PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WHICH
SENT ME ON A JOURNEY OF QUESTIONS
CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH,
AND SOME OF THE ANSWERS I FOUND

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To Peter and Florence
with love

Contents

1. One Lifetime Is Not Enough 1

Questions are for answering . . . experience is a teacher
. . . loving is living and living is giving . . . no time for
gold medals . . . all our tomorrows . . . it was later than
we thought.

2. Tick of a Clock 13

Good-by forever . . . he did not look back . . . we were
not alone . . . music in the night . . . the Soul looked
homeward . . . he did not want to go . . . lost cause . . .
unanswered cry.

3. Hour of Separation 31

When two have become one . . . more questions with-
out answers . . . nature wastes nothing . . . he took it
with him . . . voice from the past . . . in the land where
the music came from . . . no one dies alone.

4. Song of the Sun 45

Decision opens the floodgates of power . . . love like
a river . . . journey into questions and space . . . man was

born to conquer . . . alien in Paradise . . . repeated lesson . . . the woman who painted a dream . . . the man who left too soon . . . flowers are for the living.

5. Summer of Searching 62

Invisible bar on an open door . . . unseen visitor . . . where there is life there is love . . . money from the hand of God . . . cigar smoke in a kitchen . . . a boy and a swing.

6. The Evidence Increases 75

Everyone has a story . . . more music in the night . . . the angels were busy . . . heaven in broad daylight . . . land of the happy children . . . trends begin to show.

7. Thoughts from Above 87

Language of the Soul . . . purpose of life is growth . . . stars under my feet . . . a promise is kept . . . stories from life: the brother who waited . . . the door that wouldn't stay closed . . . dreams of muddy water . . . headless sheep . . . land of happy picnic parties . . . the man who wanted no tears.

8. As It Is on Earth 100

Love always remembers . . . dreams are for teaching . . . bread from a stranger . . . Souls on fire . . . the stairs led up . . . higher ground . . . fallow field . . . tears without cause . . . Nature hates a vacuum.

9. Tiger on My Path 114

Endless rope . . . trumpets sounded on the other side . . .
mountain moving man . . . tears from east of my garden
. . . steps in the sun . . . jets are for flying . . . curve
in the road . . . time is a swift river.

10. The Journey That Never Ends 128

Whimper of a child . . . the weeds were beautiful . . .
song of sorrow . . . muddy river to cross . . . on the wings
of the morning . . . graduation day . . . life is for living
. . . unseen river of life . . . without salt or pepper.

11. The Teachers Wait 144

Thieves of time . . . arc of a circle . . . return of the
stranger . . . candles in the dark . . . splinter from my
heart . . . the golden ones . . . knock on a closed door
. . . still waters . . . for greater loving.

12. Summary of the Three Reasons**Why I Believe We Live After Death** 159

Indestructible power with a purpose . . . three persons
in one . . . bad seed . . . no place to hide . . . God is not
a tyrant . . . God will fail unless man succeeds.

Beyond the Darkness

CHAPTER

1

One Lifetime Is Not Enough

Questions are for answering . . . experience is a teacher . . .
loving is living and living is giving . . . no time for gold medals
. . . all our tomorrows . . . it was later than we thought.

*"I do not think that seventy years is the time of a man
or woman,
Nor that seventy millions of years is the time of a man
or woman,
Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me or
any one else."*

WALT WHITMAN

All my life I have believed in life after death. But it was a passive belief, based on my early Christian training, the opinions of others in high and low places, persons I respected and trusted, and on something in my own soul—an instinct deeper than reason. It was a dormant faith, but it served my needs so well that I never thought it was necessary to do further research on the subject.

Then on March 14, 1961, something happened which catapulted me out of my lifelong passive belief in life after death and sent me on a journey of questions.

When the first experiences which started me on my search for truth came, just before my husband died in 1961, I was too shocked and amazed to evaluate them or to do much about them. But when other experiences followed shortly after his death, I took a stand with myself. I had to know what was taking place, how and why, or give up my teaching, writing my kind of books and stop calling myself a Christian. Like Job, I served notice on God that I believed in His integrity and that I expected Him to believe in mine and to keep His promise to answer my Soul's questions.

Things began to happen and I began to realize that much of it was up to me—my ability to desire deeply, to ask clearly, to listen carefully, to trust the law of love even when I did not understand the events taking place, and to follow through to the best of my ability without any fear whatsoever when a directive came.

What started out to be an attempt to get answers to my questions concerning what had happened to me, led on into the lives of others and became, I believe, a more valuable piece of research thereby. So much material was collected that two thirds of it had to be put aside, possibly for material for later books. This present book had to be limited to the events, experiences, people involved in them, where I went, how I worked, the trends that showed, some of the answers received plus some of the conclusions reached.

This book, then, is a report on personal experiences which set me on a journey of questions concerning what

happens after death, and some of the answers I found.

These answers convinced me that beyond the darkness of our ignorance, fears, superstitions, mythology and smug Christian assurance that we already have all the answers, lies a whole new world of truth waiting for us to enter and to take possession of a way of life that will surpass anything man has yet known. This book is addressed to the individual who wants to venture beyond the darkness.

I offer no proof—only a report of what happened. The reader can make up his own mind as to what it means as he goes along.

If you are to get the most out of what I shall try to present, you first must know a bit about my husband, myself, and other members of my family before the experiences and questions began. This information is necessarily limited to the points which have to do with all that happened later.

My husband, Herbert James Mann, was an architect and engineer. We lived in Pasadena, California. His office was nearby, but he did most of his work at home in the study which he had built by remodeling a room on the north side of our house just off the living room. He loved this friendly place of knotty pine, with north and west windows, cork floors, custom-made furniture and heavy green drapes that kept out street noises. My office was just off the living room on the south side of our home—a place of windows east, south, west and two north ones which overlooked the porch that led into the house. My

office was done in knotty pine, with cork floors and gay yellow print curtains. Sheltered by an overhanging roof, the porch was a place of living color, with growing plants and jugs of cut flowers the year around.

From my office desk I could see for blocks up and down the street, all of the porch and the front door, so that I was able to protect Herbert's working hours from uninvited callers.

Herbert neither drank nor smoked. He had been a star athlete in his college days, a passable golfer and a good horseman. He was a man who loved life. Past middle age, in perfect health and radiantly happy, Herbert often said he would "live to be a hundred and enjoy every moment of it." (Some of his ancestors did live to be nearly a hundred.) He planned to retire in 1963, to devote the rest of his time to music and painting, two loves put aside in youth when he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For the past few years he had been writing songs.

"It flows down to me," he said, surprised at the manner and completeness in which the words and music came. "Where does it come from?" he often wondered aloud. When he captured one that strongly appealed to him, I took it down on our tape recorder. Later, Herbert had his favorites put on paper in sheet music form and copyrighted.

As the readers of my other books know, my life was saved through prayer some years ago. All my time since then has been given to trying to understand the power of

prayer and the nature of the spiritual laws under which it operates. I worked with people with problems and with problem people, wrote books about our failures and successes, citing case histories from my files, and lectured widely about my work.

As to religion, I am a lifelong Methodist and Herbert was, as he said, "a Methodist by marriage." But we read widely of the religions of the world, worshiped in different kinds of churches and I worked for and lectured in many of the New Thought or Truth churches. These included the Unity School of Christianity, Church of Religious Science, Church of Truth, Divine Science and others of the Truth movement, as well as the Methodist and regular orthodox churches.

Herbert did not go along with all he read or heard in the field of religion, but he wore the jackets off our books by modern scientists including Stromberg, Morrison, Milikan, Jeans, Du Noüy, Rhine and others which we discussed together. Herbert's engineering mind demanded truth and exact details. He was impatient with people who spoke with assurance when they actually knew very little about the subject. He carried a slide rule in his mind to measure a theory before he accepted it.

We helped each other in our respective professions, attended each other's lectures and were together more constantly than the average married couple can hope to be. Herbert came to the kitchen when I prepared meals and to the garden or patio when I worked outside. The artist in him loved every bright flower, every artistic

form. "There must be a thousand shades of green in our garden," he observed.

Because it has to do with later events, I must tell you that Herbert loved and understood animals and birds in some way I never fathomed. I am not sure that he understood it either. "We know what each other is thinking," he said. "There must be a level where all minds are in one mind." He believed that the human brain served as a check valve to hold back all that the individual did not want or could not use, but that under certain circumstances, the individual mind could and did "tune in" to a "common mind."

In earth life, Herbert often dreamed of animals, and in those dreams they talked to him and he to them.

"It is all so perfectly natural," he would say when relating the dreams to me. "It is a matter of our mutual understanding."

Certainly the blue jays which came to our garden understood him, and he tamed and trained generations of them. He fed them sunflower seeds. If he stayed in the patio, which is large, shed-covered and screen-enclosed, reading and ignoring them, the jays would hunch themselves, jump up and down, scold and demand. If Herbert was not to be moved, they soon went away. He gave no spoken order but looked directly at them and gave some kind of wordless command which they understood and obeyed. Herbert always smiled at his success in this disciplining process and at my failure to understand how he did it.

Herbert had a sponsored radio program for ten years in which he told people how to go about their building projects, save money and make their program a success. He prepared his script at home.

We sometimes left our desks to go to an art or other exhibit. Often, in summer, after dinner in the patio, where we sat looking up at Mount Wilson, we decided to drive up to the observatory there to look out over miles of city lights, out to the Pacific Ocean. Later we would drive thoughtfully home after dark, talking about the stars, the far-off Universe and man in his place on earth. We believed that beauty brought us closer to the reality of God.

We had a happy, busy, family life. Each of us had been married before and each had been divorced and alone for some time before we met. Our respective spouses passed on after we were married. Herbert, older than I, had one child, a married son. My daughter and son were quite young when Herbert and I first became acquainted. They knew Herbert five years before he and I were married.

I sometimes told Herbert he had married me to be with my children, for the three had much in common. Herbert loved all young children. We had no children of our own, but between us we had four grandchildren as time went on—two from his son and two from my daughter. (My son never has married.) The grandchildren were too far away to be spoiled by us but close enough most of the time to be greatly enjoyed. It was for Carol Ann, my daughter's little girl, that Herbert wrote the song "Lullaby."

Sometimes in a relaxed and quiet moment in the presence of beauty Herbert would say, "Life is too wonderful for us to grasp, viewed from one short lifetime on earth." We agreed that "One lifetime is not enough," and never accepted the idea of one life on earth and then an eternity in one place.

"What a vast intelligence must be at work, how perfectly designed, engineered," Herbert said of plants, leaves, hanging ripe fruit, a spider web, the wild doves in our garden, the mocking birds that built over our door in the bougainvillea vines and sang at midnight. We looked with wonder, whether at the land patterns below the plane, the fast-flying landscape from the train window, or the pink double hibiscus on the south side of our house, reflected in the glass slats of the louver windows in our living room. We lived with beauty, searched for God and the answers to our questions.

We greatly enjoyed dancing and sometimes danced in our kitchen to the record player in the dining room. We especially liked the Strauss waltzes. Gratitude was the basis of our happiness.

Our thoughts and talks included the doctrine of reincarnation. We never accepted the idea that we would have to come back to earth. We felt that some other scientific answer to the phenomena given in support of it might yet be discovered. We discussed many subjects without coming to an absolute conclusion. For example, my dreams. For years I have had occasional dreams at night

in which I seem to visit other lands. Some of the places visited are more beautiful than anything I have yet seen on earth. Herbert often urged me to keep a record of the dreams. "Otherwise, they will be lost, and they might have more significance than you are giving them," he said. But I recorded very few of them.

So went our days and years.

Herbert had not cared much about money and never had tried to accumulate a fortune. His time had been given to principles, including teaching the public the value of an architect's services. In the fall of 1959 Herbert decided it was time for him to "do something about our own needs." So it was that when we were in Kansas City at the convention of the American Registered Architects, where Herbert was honored and given a gold medal award for his past services to his profession, his mind actually was on getting home again. He refused to accept another office in the organization which he had served as National Vice President. "I have no time for gold medals," Herbert said as we jetted back to California.

Because it also has to do with what happened later, I must record this. Herbert decided he would now do what he long had been asked to do: write a book about his work, with advice for the public, and do a paperback booklet for wide distribution throughout Southern California where his radio program had been heard for ten years. The booklet would be handled by various firms of the industry. Herbert planned in time to do a series of

paperback booklets, which would be bought and distributed by the thousands by members of the construction industry.

Coming home on the plane that October day, Herbert explained it would take him two years to get going. He left radio in January of 1960 to concentrate on the book. I was working on my sixth book.

During rest hours we talked about what we would do when we were financially free. We would travel, United States first, and see Two Rivers, Wisconsin, where Herbert's father had once had large lumbering interests, where his grandfather had given the town its first library; and Chicago, where Herbert was born; in Europe we'd see Vienna, where his mother had been born and reared. Our plans looked good on paper—and sure.

Then it was January of 1961, and Herbert was rejoicing that he was almost a year ahead of his schedule. I planned to mail my book to my publishers about the first of April. The young, hungry year ate voraciously of the days of our time left together as we worked, sometimes sixteen hours a day. Then it was February the thirteenth, our wedding anniversary. As always before, I found Herbert's greeting and thank-you letter on my desk. This time he said, "Just to thank you for nineteen wonderful years, the happiest of my whole life. I pray God that when we leave this earth that we will have eternity together. I shall adore you always, and try to be a better man for you, my dear love."

March, with high wild winds from over the Sierra

Madre Mountains, came in with our work schedule moving swiftly. Once early in March I worked all night, and at four the next morning, starting to my bedroom, I met Herbert in the hall just come from his bedroom. With an exaggerated bow and a flirting manner he said, "Good morning, Madam. Haven't we met before?"

"No, sir," I replied, pretending to rebuff him. "We are only ships that pass in the night."

We laughed joyously.

Who can hold back time? We couldn't, and so came Sunday, March the twelfth. That night we went to a dinner meeting at the Church of Religious Science in Alhambra—the church Herbert had helped to build and to save them \$90,000 with his Cost Control system—the church where the choir often sang his song, "You'll Find God." I noticed that Herbert made a point of visiting a moment with the different ones there. Later the minister, Dr. Carmelita Trowbridge, told me he had said to her: "I just want you to know how much I have enjoyed knowing you and the people of this church." He thanked her again for all she had done and was doing for the world with her good works. "I felt Herbert was telling me good-by," she said.

The next day was Monday the thirteenth. We said thirteen was our lucky day. The dummy for Herbert's booklet came and was not satisfactory to him. He ordered changes and selected a shade of red for the final jacket. We outlined plans for the next day. That evening we sat on the front porch watching our neighbors pass and enjoying

the sunset hour. The western sky was brushed with apricot and rose. It glowed, a living light through the green of the camphor trees which line the streets of Pasadena.

When I went in to start dinner, Herbert came to the kitchen with me. I put candles on the dinner table as I often did when we were in a celebrating mood.

"What are we celebrating tonight?" Herbert asked.

"All our tomorrows," I replied.

"Yes, freedom is in sight," Herbert said, starting the record player with a Strauss waltz. "As soon as the manuscript is done, the presses will start rolling. Honey dear, we'll never be poor again!"

Thus we planned. Life was so good, so promising. But ever has it been, "Man proposes; God disposes." It was later than we thought. Death, the greatest mystery in all life, was just around the curve in the road of our life together.

Morning came. It was then Tuesday, March 14th, 1961. Herbert went for his walk as he had been doing daily for twelve years over the same route. A young man in an automobile ran him down and literally broke him to pieces. He died April nineteen of the injuries. What happened during those more than five weeks prepared me for all that came after.

CHAPTER

2

Tick of a Clock

Good-by forever . . . he did not look back . . . we were not alone . . . music in the night . . . the Soul looked homeward . . . he did not want to go . . . lost cause . . . unanswered cry.

"The spiritual development of man is just beginning. . . . Our time measured by past eternity and the eternity to come is as the tick of a clock, but the spirit within us belongs to both."

Man Does Not Stand Alone
A. CRESSY MORRISON

It was Tuesday, March 14, 1961. I awoke that morning with a sense of dread, most unusual for me. Herbert, working daily on his booklet, arose as soon as he awoke, often at four. I had not heard him leave his bedroom, but knew he was up, for the rooms were lighted, the curtains drawn though it was daylight outside. Wide awake, I tried to recall what had occurred that had resulted in my uneasiness. I recalled only happiness, our plans for the day and the rest of the week. I arose, put on a robe and went through the house to Herbert's study.

Herbert was typing on his manuscript but stopped and greeted me cheerfully, happily, as always. However, it did not dispel my mood. I went about opening the drapes in his study. "It is daylight, bright sun outside," I said.

"Yes, it will be a heavenly day," Herbert agreed and got up to prepare for the walk he had been taking daily for twelve years, sometimes twice a day if he felt he needed exercise.

Herbert left the study and went back to his bedroom to get a woolen coat. He was wearing a lightweight cream-colored woolen shirt and a light tan woolen sweater I had given him for Christmas. Always thin and often a little underweight, he dressed warmly for the early morning walk.

As Herbert went through the living room and dining room toward the hall and his bedroom, I had a sinking thought, *He is walking away from me!* I had watched him prepare for his walk hundreds of times and that thought never had come to me before. As I stood at the front door of the living room waiting for him, my sense of unhappiness increased.

Coming back from his bedroom, Herbert stood at the door which led into the dining room. He just stood there, looking at everything in the room, gazing at the plate rail crowded with mementos of our life together. Then he spoke, saying, "Honey dear, what a wonderful life we have had! I did not know that human beings could be as happy as I have been since I've had you in my life. Thank God, I have not missed life—I have *lived* it!"

The words were not unusual for him. He said them hundreds of times. But something else was unusual. It seemed to me that everything in the house was telling him good-by. As he walked toward me, that feeling grew. He passed the piano in the living room which he had played daily, often many times a day, and paused and glanced at it lovingly and smiled. *It is telling him good-by forever*, I thought.

Then Herbert was at the front door with me, smiling, gay, very much aware of my dark mood.

"Honey dear, you are tired," he said. "You have been working too late. I must take better care of you."

He never left the house without kissing me. That morning at the door he kissed me and said he would be back at the usual time for breakfast. He was in high spirits as he went out the door.

My uneasy feeling increased as I stood watching him cross the lawn. At the sidewalk he stopped and stood there a second, then turned and came back. He did not seem surprised that I was still at the door.

"Honey dear," he said, in the manner he had when he wanted me to hear correctly and to follow through on his directives, "you must always remember never to pick up my work again. Your work is more important than mine."

Before I could reply, he had turned and walked away. He swung briskly up the street. His early military training, years in the saddle in Arizona, and his love of walking kept him arrow-straight. He did not look back.

Alone, my depression increased to a feeling of impend-

ing disaster. I dressed and went out of the house to the patio to pray. But I failed to command my spirit and left the patio to wander aimlessly toward the rear garden as the sense of dread increased.

The blue jays which Herbert had fed and trained dropped silently down from the lemon tree and hopped quietly near me. I felt they were trying to tell me something. Always before they had ignored me. Now they followed me, making no noise. Everything around me seemed unreal, as in a dream. The red, pink and white geraniums along the brick walk leading to the rear garden bloomed without joy. Mount Wilson, high and blue over to the north, looked sad. I always had thought of it as appearing dignified and protective, setting an atmosphere for all of Pasadena. Herbert's walk took him up north one mile from our home, practically to the foot of the mountains, and Mount Wilson, a thing of majestic beauty seen from our patio, was daily in our lives.

The jays followed me to the rear of the garden. The lemon, lime, kumquat, and tangerine trees, heavy with fruit green and ripe, stood motionless in the sunshine, waiting. I began to feel suffocated; breathing became difficult; standing, uncomfortable. I sat down on the blue bench beneath the silver maple tree. Words of prayer would not come, but my spirit cried out for help.

Then came a voice of utter kindness, wisdom, love and authority in charge, speaking silently to me, not aloud, silently, in a firm, clear voice saying: "Go into the house. Go to the phone."

I could not have heard the phone in the garden. I arose and hurried in. The phone rang as I reached my office. It was a hospital calling. After identifying me by name and address, the caller said my husband was in the hospital; he had met with an accident. Could I come at once?

"Is he alive?" I asked.

"Yes, but do come at once," was the reply. No further information was given beyond the fact that he had been run down by an automobile.

I hung up the phone and stood trying to think. It seemed to me that Herbert knew I was there, that he was in some way in touch with me. "Are you badly hurt?" I asked aloud.

"Honey dear, come quickly!" It was Herbert's voice, but muffled, strange, hardly recognizable. Although silent in my mind or ears, it was plainly his voice.

"He's bleeding through the nose and mouth," I heard myself say aloud. This was the case as I afterward learned.

At the hospital a few moments later, the doctor prepared me before letting me see Herbert. "He is hanging onto consciousness until you get here, asking for you," he said. "I don't know how he is still alive. He is broken to pieces."

Herbert had given them our names, his office address, our home address and phone number, told them he was an architect and his wife a writer. But later I learned that Herbert actually was unconscious from the instant he struck the pavement. The impact which threw him almost

fifty feet, I was told, inflicted the terrible head injury which the neurosurgeon said from the first could take his life even if all the broken bones and flesh wounds healed.

Herbert could not see me. His eyes were swollen shut; an oxygen cone was over his face. Touching an uninjured finger, I said, "I am Stella; I love you, dear."

"I love you," he said painfully, in an almost unrecognizable voice. "But now I must go upstairs."

They took him away to surgery, upstairs on the fourth floor, and I became involved with the business of admitting the patient. Who would pay the bill? They all appeared to be unhappy that we had no medical, hospital or life insurance. One man in charge told me that intelligent people planned for such emergencies and carried insurance "of all kinds." I told the gentleman not to worry about the bill, that it long had been my observation that honest people found a way to pay their bills, and that we would do so.

After I had signed the necessary papers, the doctor in charge of Herbert came back to me and said, "Both of his legs are broken beneath the knee, the bones splintered, sticking through the flesh, the pelvis broken, and with that terrible head injury, and all the other . . ." He shook his head to indicate the hopelessness of it. "I don't know," he sighed. "But we can try our utmost and we can pray."

"Oh, do you believe in prayer?" I asked, my courage suddenly mounting.

"Yes, and more each day I work," he replied, and smiled encouragingly. We had a few more words about

prayer and he went away to attend to Herbert and I went out to phone my son John, who was then living at the beach. He would be up in the afternoon. I settled down to wait it out.

As soon as I was body-still and silent, I got command of my spirit and was able to pray quietly. But presently I felt something most unusual was taking place. My prayers came to a halt. A series of mental-emotional experiences began to come to me, or to unfold to my mind. In these I learned there were three entities, or spirits, or guiding principles working for Herbert to keep the human body fit for his Life, or Soul, to inhabit. These three represented the physical body, the mind and the Spirit side or division of him.

It is nearly impossible for me to describe all of this, for I did not see anything with my physical eyes, which were closed. But I "saw" mentally as one sees in a dream while asleep and I knew surely what I was seeing. The Soul, or Self, of Herbert knew no pain. It was an onlooker, waiting. Herbert, the Soul, or Self, the Word of God person, owned or had use of a body, a mind and a Spirit nature. He was definitely a three-persons-in-one Unit. He had not known this during his conscious life, but that part of him that was in touch with the Universal God mind always had known. He knew then, although he was unconscious, under anesthesia in the surgery where they were working over him.

As these emotional-mental experiences held and increased, much that Herbert and I often had wondered

about and talked over together was made clear to me. The total experience was of rather short duration. But all the time it was going on, I had such a strong conviction that we were not alone in our hour of need, that there was Someone who knew, who was in charge and cared greatly about us, that I heard myself whispering over and over: "We are not alone. Someone cares for us." I did not see that Person, but there was a powerful Presence which made itself felt. Before the morning was over, I felt definitely that it was a vastly superior Person who was in charge. This gave me courage and put my heart on its knees in gratitude.

I was not allowed to see Herbert when he finally was out of surgery, but I went back late that afternoon when they told me by phone he was conscious. Arriving there, I was informed I could visit him only one moment. He was in the intensive-care ward along with other gravely ill patients, most of them unconscious. A nurse explained that the patients remained there until they passed on or improved enough so that they could safely be moved to a private room. In that ward they had all the equipment needed for sudden and drastic emergencies, with care around the clock.

When I went in, there were several other patients and three or four nurses. One pointed out Herbert's bed near the window. I went behind the white cotton screen. Herbert, bandaged, face so swollen not even his eyelashes showed, recognized my voice when I said, "You know me, dear. I am Stella, your wife. I love you very much."

"I love you terribly," he said. His voice was strong but sounded strange.

"I'm surprised at how well you look," I said.

No response. I tried again. "John is coming this afternoon." No response. I waited. He was so still, so silent. Was he unconscious?

"They allow me only one minute now," I explained. "But I will be back tonight. I must go now."

"Where are you going?" he asked, anxious, alarmed.

"Home," I replied, and repeated that I would be back in the evening.

"Home? Then where am I?" he asked.

"You are in a hospital," I said. "You met with a little accident. But you're going to be all right soon," I assured him.

"*Hospital?*" He was astonished. "Well, I certainly am surprised! *Hospital?*"

Again he lay still and silent. I left him feeling he either was unconscious or still so woozy from the heavy anesthetics that he had been speaking from the subconscious.

When my son John Terrill and I went that evening, Herbert was unconscious, under sedatives. We left, asking to be notified at once if Herbert changed for the worse. About midnight I was awakened by the sound of music, vague, far off and different from anything I ever had heard. I felt it had to do with Herbert. The phone rang. I heard John hurrying to answer it. I was up and dressing when he came to my door to say, "The hospital says death is imminent. We'd better go at once."

When we arrived at the hospital, a few minutes' drive from our home, the doctor and nurses were working over Herbert, expertly, quietly. They let me stay at the bedside in silent prayer. The doctor was the one who had that morning agreed with me about the power of prayer. He gave me a quick glance of assurance and kept on working. The feeling that we were not alone, that there was a Project Manager (the term I adopted then for the Person I felt was in charge), Someone who greatly cared, returned even stronger and more definite than it had been that morning. This comforted me and enabled me to remain in silent control of myself.

After a short while an experience unfolded itself to me. It was similar to the one that had come that morning. I saw mentally again, as in a dream (I cannot better distinguish or explain it), that Herbert's Soul, or Self, was aloof from his body, aware of all that was going on. He, this Self, was revolted by the body on the bed. The blood oozing from the casts and bandages on his legs, the red scraped flesh of face, arms and hands, the ugly wound on his head were an unpleasant sight. The artist in Herbert always was irritated by unlovely and disorderly things. But as the Self observed the struggle, the disgust turned to admiration and interest. All his life Herbert had been keenly interested in science and in more fields than those of mathematics and structural engineering. This Self was now aware of the doctor and nurses and wanted to comfort me but knew no way of making it known and did

not seem to realize I knew this. There was no kind of communication between us.

A force I felt as warmth and sensed as a brilliant light, though my eyes were closed, surrounded us. I felt that it was the combined love, caring about the outcome of all of us around the bed. The Self of Herbert seemed to feel the love, a moving power, and to be grateful for it. I opened my eyes to study the faces of the others. None of them seemed to be aware of what I was experiencing.

The silence grew intense as Herbert's body fought for life. It seemed that every cell in him of flesh, blood, and bones was working at its utmost. I had a sense of millions of tiny beings intelligently co-operating like bees, a sense of humming, of harmonious activity in his body. My feeling that there was a vast intelligence at work directing affairs, but at the same time, personal, intimate, warm, continued to comfort me. This Being greatly cared about the outcome and about Herbert and me as individuals and whatever was to come after.

Then came the awful moment when I felt that the body house of Herbert was dangerously close to collapse. Herbert's Soul, or Self, began to look Homeward as though it had lost interest in the body on the bed. The music came again, faint, far off. It grew stronger. It then seemed to me that I was not hearing the music direct, but in some manner I was tuning in on Herbert's awareness of it. Like tipping scales, the Soul hesitated back and forth, the music faded or increased, as the body power fluctuated. "I never

saw a man fight so hard for his life," said the doctor. "Makes you want to help him." The nurses murmured "Yes," and all went on working.

He does not want to go, I thought.

Gradually improvement came. I felt that Herbert's Soul had again entered his physical body, as a person enters a house. It was much more than a taking on or putting off of clothing. It was a departing and a returning, and a re-entering. There seemed to be some kind of connection which I did not understand. I did not see it except as a glow, as a silver light, a beam, or cord (the nearest I can come to it), but I felt that if it broke, Herbert could not again enter his body. Several times I thought, *He is out of the door, to go away*, but he had not gone yet. My feeling, *He does not want to go*, came again and again.

The improvement held. About four in the morning the doctor sent me home. "I'm more worried about you than I am about my patient," he said, looking closely and questioningly at me. For a brief second I wanted to tell him what I had been experiencing, but instantly felt I dared not.

When I phoned for a report the next morning at seven I was told Herbert had suffered a stroke during the night. He was now paralyzed on the left side. Several times during the day I heard the music, faintly, far off. During the whole ordeal, whenever I heard it, I learned that Herbert had been dangerously low but had "pulled out of it again."

After a visit to the hospital and a talk with the doctors

alone, my son John told me he had decided to give up his job and apartment at the beach and to move in with me until we knew how things would go. "In any case, you're going to need an awful lot of help," he said.

During the weeks Herbert lived, sometimes conscious for a few moments, but most of the time heavily drugged—his groanings in pain could not be tolerated in that intensive-care ward—I continued to learn much of a region where it seems that many minds mingle in One Mind. Herbert often spoke to me from the subconscious, I was certain, as one who is hypnotized. My experiences brought so many questions to my mind that I kept daily notes. I was determined to learn all that I could of what was actually taking place. I thought of what interest Herbert and I would later have going over all this together, and I hoped he would remember some if not all of what he had experienced. Questions I would ask him were written down as events occurred. Together we would explore this whole new world that seemed to lie just beyond the senses.

I often doubted my own impressions and mind. "A good way to go crazy," I would tell myself, but then another occurrence would convince me all over again of the reality of it. Who ever saw a thought? Or a feeling of love? But they have a reality, haven't they? Well then, I would remind myself. Well then—

Sometimes I would hold Herbert's fingers and say, "Darling, even though you do not speak to me or seem even to hear me, or to know that I am here, still I feel

that you do know. If so, press my fingers. You can tell me yes with your fingers."

In the experiment Herbert did again and again press my fingers in response to definite questions which could be answered by a simple yes or no. He did this though he did not open his eyes and seemed to be deeply unconscious, far away. I felt strongly that if Herbert had not had all the painkillers, if he had not been so heavily drugged all the time, that he might have told me much of what he was living through and even what had happened in the accident. So intense was his suffering, I never asked him about the accident. It was enough for him to know I was there and that I loved him. Messages did get through to him, for when others were there with me and I called their names and said, "Do you remember . . . ?" his pressure was three for yes. And once he roused himself to say, "George is a good boy," when George Watkins, a young man who had worked for him for some time, was there for a moment's visit with me. And on his birthday in March, when I asked, "What do you want for your birthday?" he opened his eyes and moaned, "I just want to be a better guy for you." This was a pattern. He had said it often in our years together.

Thus the days cut through our hearts. On Easter Sunday, in church, my daughter turned to me and said, "Mother, he's not going to make it. We'd better face it." But I held out for complete recovery.

Then it was April the fifteenth, a Saturday night, and I visited Herbert again. He did not seem to know I was

there. But he was better, they said, and we had been rejoicing that he had been taking liquid food by mouth. The doctor in charge said, "You have to move him sometime from this intensive-care ward, and it might as well be to a smaller place near your home, where he can be in a room alone."

That appealed to me, for then I could visit with him longer without disturbing others. So on Sunday morning we called the ambulance and moved him to a little hospital about five minutes from our home. There, in a room with only one other patient, I spent more time with him. He was getting less and less painkillers. His talk became rational for whole sentences. The paralysis had cleared up; he could move his arm, and the shape of his mouth went back to normal. On the Monday after we had moved him, I learned that while Herbert was unconscious he had heard the talk of nurses and doctors working over him and much else that went on in the intensive-care ward, including the death of a patient there. He knew of my visits to him even though he had made no response at most of them and had seemed totally unconscious at the time.

One day in the big hospital a woman said to me, "You shouldn't be praying for your husband to live. With that head injury and the stroke he has had, he would never be normal again. He would be just a vegetable." She then told me of several such cases, ending, "And they were younger than your husband and not nearly so badly injured as he is. You don't want him to live on for years,

just a vegetable." We were standing beside Herbert's bed and he was unconscious at the time.

On that Monday after he had been moved, Herbert seemed more conscious than at any other time since the accident. "You're so much better, dear," I enthused. "You're going to get completely well again!"

"No," he said in a dull, tired voice. "No, I am broken to pieces. Never be any good again. Just a vegetable."

Herbert's kindest and most loving friends would have said Herbert was a proud man and even a little vain. Never would he have thought of himself as a vegetable. But he apparently had accepted in his subconscious what he had heard when he was unconscious. That night I felt he had given up and I prayed to know how to pray for him. Was it a lost cause? Had there never been any hope? All the love, skill, time, care, prayer that had been invested in the hope of his recovery, was it all to be lost? But still I hoped.

Tuesday, Herbert seemed to me to have lost interest in life. He said only disconnected words, and there was no real communication between us. During the night I heard the music off and on again and again. I arose and walked and prayed, but no comfort came even with the morning light.

Then it was Wednesday morning, April nineteenth. At seven, when I phoned, the hospital told me Herbert had had a good night. He was improving and would not need so many painkillers. They gave consent for me to make and bring the clear soup Herbert had especially liked.

Later that morning the hospital told me the doctor had been in to see Herbert, and that everything was going fine.

I prepared the soup and John took me to the hospital before noon. The hospital people were most encouraging. A man was coming to massage Herbert's back. He had asked for it. He was much better, very much better, they said. But as soon as I saw Herbert, I knew he would never leave that bed. I don't know how I knew, but I did. My emotions began to get out of hand. Herbert did not open his eyes even when I rubbed his head, something he always had loved. I tried to sound natural and encouraging in saying, "My dear, we are all praying for you," but I muffed it.

"Please, please," Herbert begged.

"Please what?" I asked. "What can I do for you, dear?"

But he did not open his eyes or answer. He just kept on saying, "Please, please . . ."

A nurse came in and I rushed from his room so as not to disturb him with my mounting emotion, his voice still begging, "Please, please." I shall hear it in my mind as long as I live.

In the corridor a nurse offered comfort. I tried to get hold of myself before meeting my son, who was waiting in the car in front of the hospital. I did not manage very well. On the way home a dreadful feeling enveloped me. I seemed to be smothering. I had a sense of shrinking and felt I was about to faint. My son, alarmed, spoke firmly, "You're going to bed as soon as we are home. These five weeks have taken more out of you than you realize."

The phone rang as I entered my office in the house. The hospital said, "Your husband got much worse right after you left. We rushed out to the front to call you back, but your car was moving down the street. We called . . ."

John, standing beside me, sensed the truth and took the phone from me. Herbert had gone.

CHAPTER

3

Hour of Separation

When two have become one . . . more questions without answers
. . . nature wastes nothing . . . he took it with him . . . voice
from the past . . . in the land where the music came from . . .
no one dies alone.

*"And ever has it been that love knows
not its own depth until the hour of separation."*

The Prophet
KAHLIL GIBRAN

With Herbert's death came an experience which lasted three full days and almost took my life—the hour of separation. There must be a reality to the idea that "two become one" when long and happily married. I felt a tearing apart, as from my very inner self, an unspeakable agony for both of us. Herbert was free from his broken body, but it seemed to me, he still had to be free from me in some other way I did not understand. I wanted to help but did not know how beyond prayer. Finally, I felt he was free, gone, leaving me alone, off center, unbalanced in my walking.

The experience was so real I felt definite wounds and a kind of spiritual bleeding. I felt that if it had not been for my children, attending loved ones, my trust in God, I would not have survived the ordeal. It affected my heart and breathing. The agony of separation was quite different from the pain of loneliness that came after.

Even during those first three days of intense suffering, which was physical, mental and spiritual, I was constantly needed for the many decisions and arrangements that had to be made and the friends who came, phoned and wired. And there were Herbert's business affairs left dangling. I hardly had time to think except when alone in my room at night. John was still in charge, but many things had to be referred to me. I think I must have gone through most of it like a sleepwalker, but one event jerked me back to the present. It was this:

John needed family information concerning Herbert, some for the death certificate, other items concerning his former marriage, his parents, his life before I met him. I felt helpless. I knew Herbert had the information in various places, perhaps some at his office up on Washington Street or in his bedroom closet or the study and the garage files. A matter of searching, it might take days. But even as I said it, I had a strong thought, not to say command, to go into his study and look in the left-hand file—there were two four-drawer files. As I approached the files, I had an urge to open the second drawer from the top and did so. John had followed me. I stood staring in amazement. There, in neat order inscribed in Herbert's

precise lettering, were some thirty manila folders: *Father and Mother . . . Sister Florence* and her husband *Dr. Herman A. Spoehr . . .* information about Herbert's first marriage, divorce, his mother's maiden name, place of birth, grandparents—everything we needed then and much that we would need later.

"They were not here a week before the accident," I said. "I know, because I had been helping with his research for the booklet, and this drawer was filled with former radio scripts, all tabulated. They were in sequence in date of the programs given. We referred to them daily. Not a single one of these personal history folders was here then."

John was reading my thoughts as he so often did.

"So what?" he demanded. "So maybe he got a hunch one day to get them into one place. Maybe there *is* a Project Manager, as you have suggested, in charge of the Homecoming of Herbert J. Mann, who directed that this be done," pointing to the manila folders. "Maybe he *did* know he was to go, subconsciously, if not directly, and he carried out orders. An engineer is orderly by nature. One thing is certain: he would have stayed if he could. Don't get it into your mind he was careless. That would have happened to anybody who had been there at that time. He didn't *want* to go."

I was still silent, deeply shocked by those folders. There were old family letters, some from Europe, information I did not know existed, old pictures, newspaper clippings, birth, death notices, some from Germany, some from

Vienna. Herbert could not have done a better job if he had known for sure. *Did* he know before?

John, sorting out the information he needed, straightened and looked at me with a command in his blue eyes: "And stop feeling guilty about leaving his room! Maybe he was telling you please to leave, so he could go in peace. Maybe it would have been harder, more painful for him if you were there. A man does not want to be seen at a disadvantage by a woman, especially by a woman he loves. He had been in charge of things all his life, now he was helpless. Be glad you left him. His job was hard enough without having to see you hurt. I think that's how I'd feel."

Comforting masculine words that gave momentary assurance. But I also remembered Herbert was one who needed much mothering, head rubbings, hand holdings, words of love, comfort when he was sick. Did he want me to stay to learn something he could not say in words and to hold his hand in comfort to the last? I felt very strongly that he did. Did he then die alone, thinking I had deserted him in the moment of his greatest need? If only I could have known that it was our last moment!

Herbert died on a Wednesday. To allow for the possible arrival of relatives from New York and Hawaii, we set the funeral for the following Monday. As arrangements went on, I did not hear the music again, though I am sure I was listening for it. I had no contact with Herbert. I felt that he had completely disappeared out of my life, that I was entirely out of his mind, his new experience, what-

ever it was and wherever he was in God's Universe. At no time did I believe that Herbert had ceased to exist as a Spirit Self, a living Soul, for my experiences in the hospital were very convincing to me. It was rather that we now had become two separate units of life on different planes. Would it always be that way? Where was he? I recalled words from A. Cressy Morrison's book which had strongly appealed to Herbert. "Heaven may be space itself—" And that Heaven for the one who has passed on, the freed Soul, may be "any place he wants to be." If Herbert was where he *wanted* to be, how could I grieve except for myself?

That thought comforted me as the hours went on: when John and I visited the Slumber Room where Herbert lay; all day Sunday, when I reviewed some of the highlights of my life with Herbert. He had revealed his faith in a "friendly Universe," and a "God of Love." But he never once thought that he needed Jesus Christ as his personal savior and friend to save his soul. At the funeral on Monday in the Wee Kirk of the Heather in Forest Lawn, I felt Herbert was not there in any way. Not even when his own song, "You'll Find God," was sung.

Finally the funeral day ended. John was still there, but the last loving friend and relative had gone and I was alone in my room. Then the fact that Herbert was gone, that I never again would hear his voice, never see him walking toward me, never feel the touch of his hand, hear his laughter, never again in this world see the light of love in his eyes, hit me with full force.

When I was still again, I remembered some of the things Herbert and I had so often talk about—like a tape recorder playing it back to me, I mentally heard his voice:

Nature wastes nothing, not even a fallen leaf . . . all energy is forever conserved. We burn wood; it changes form to heat and light. Not an atom is lost in the changing. This implies intelligence in nature, plan and purpose. If mere energy is conserved, then why not mind and spirit? The most important thing about us must be our Soul, or individuality. Intelligent Universal life is smart enough to preserve its highest values, those of human experience. . . . I believe we do take it with us, all that we have become. Otherwise nature fails at the very point where she doubtless is the most successful. Nature loses nothing. She is smart enough to have a plan and a place for man after earth life.

But not the kind of static heaven many Christians long for. As an engineer I'd be bored with a static heaven. Eternal leisure is an unbearable thought. I want a useful life after death. I want to keep on growing. The more we learn of earth, the more we expect of heaven. There must be a Master Broadcaster sending ideas to the world as fast as human development can understand them. Faster, for only the alert ones care and hear. If a growing earth, then an expanding heaven, too. If we can plan better things for earth life now, how much more so can The Great Architect, as Dr. Millikan called Him, prepare great plans and specifications for His created beings. Creative power is unlimited. Liberty and growth should increase and not

diminish after death. Death should open up more of life, love, knowledge, beauty, freedom than we have on earth. "Oh, it is all so much better than we ever can imagine!" So Herbert had ended all our discussions about eternal life. But *did* we know? Maybe Herbert was where he wanted to be. But where was that?

The next morning I was at my desk at seven to start on the two mountains of paper: one of Herbert's affairs, the other mine. Life and death are God's business, I reminded myself, and I could depend upon Him to attend to it; my concern was to be one God could trust all the way. Even so, the thought "Where is he?" always followed by "and *how* is he?" had to be dismissed time after time. By noon I realized it was no use. My mind was not on my work. There were too many unanswered questions. Unless I got answers, my mind might never go back to my work.

It was at this point that I took the stand with myself and with God as mentioned in Chapter One—know for sure or close the store. Though I did not realize it at the time, it was right then, when I had firmly made up my mind and boldly made my petition to God, or the Soul of the Universe, that things began to happen.

First, a thought came to me with such force that it seemed to be a living voice speaking to me. I remember I was startled by the clarity and completeness of it. It was this:

I not only had the right but the duty to ask and ask and ask, to seek, to try to find answers, to open new doors, to venture farther in thinking. This was because

God does not usurp our free will and no man can. We, having reached a certain place in evolution, are no longer led as a group, but as individuals. Individual growth from here on is a do-it-yourself job. Psychologically, we do not act on knowledge as quickly as we do on feeling or conviction.

The next idea that struck me with head-spinning force was the conviction that asking was not enough. I would have to *care* greatly before new ideas, new truths would come. For years I had observed this fact about myself: when I get angry enough (anger is a desire to have things changed, a defense against fear), growth takes place if the thing I feel so strongly about is big enough, has weight and depth enough, and concerns others and their welfare as well as my own. Jesus Christ knew anger before he threw the moneychangers out of the temple. Anger, deep emotion, brings ideas for action. I felt anger with myself for accepting age-old ideas without knowing for sure.

Well, what did I want to know for sure? I heard myself asking aloud. I then heard myself answering: Truth. That is what I want; the truth! If we could see beyond the darkness of our ignorance, fears, superstition and our smug assurance that we already know all the answers about life after death, we could find the real truth.

The outcome was a set of questions written out and presented to God for answers. As soon as I came to the decision to ask and the conviction that answers would

come, I began to feel that the very Spirit of God, or the Holy Helper of humanity, was pleased.

I then arose and brought in the mail. After reading the sympathy cards and letters, I looked at the bills. I still owed nearly \$9000 on Herbert's bills besides the current ones that had piled up. There were four air-mail letters from Honolulu, four different families, unknown to each other, were inviting me to come to Honolulu. Two others from Honolulu had preceded them a few days before.

When John learned of the four new invitations, he said, "You are going if I have to carry you onto the plane and strap you into a seat myself." John is six-feet-two. I am a shorty. I was in some danger of having him carry out his threat.

"I could wish you were going by ship," he added to my silence. John, born with an itching heel, is by profession a purser for ships. Since a trade is no load to carry, he also writes. One letter from Honolulu had a plane ticket in it. "You are going," John continued his argument, "even if it has to be by plane!"

I could no more take a trip just for pleasure or to rest, or to get away from it all than I could take a walk just for pleasure—as John well knew.

That night my daughter Estel came up from Santa Ana to add her arguments to those of her brother. When my daughter wishes to instruct me or to ask my advice, she says, "Now, Mother—" with a strong rising inflection of her voice. When she wishes to tenderize me, she

says, "Mommy," with sweet, wheedling and falling inflection of her voice. That night she said, "Mommy, you have been wanting to reach out in your research on fear. Go, and remember a writer never stops writing."

I thought she should know, being an established writer and editor.

"And, Mommy," she added, "it will give you lots to tell your grandchildren." She waited for my acceptance. None came. "Mother," she said firmly, "it is your *duty* to go; you *owe* it to my children!"

Our next-door neighbor Eve Carter came in. She once had been our part-time secretary and still was our full-time friend. I had watched her son Terry grow up from the time he was three years old, and she was in and out of our home often. She came in with a thought that animated her always serene face. She said, "You have two step-grandchildren down there you've not seen in several years. They are Herbert's grandchildren. He'd want you to go."

But I went to bed undecided. I was brought up to believe that if you owe a bill, the handkerchief in your pocket is not your own. A few more days passed while I worked on the mountain of papers on my desk.

Then one morning I was awakened by hearing Herbert calling me. He was walking through the house calling, as he had done so many times in life on returning home from his morning walk. He would call, "Honey dear, where are you?" his voice rising, always a little alarmed until I heard and answered him. Then he would say,

"Oh, there you are," content, his voice normal again. That morning he came through calling, "Honey dear," terribly excited, frightened, unhappy. *It was his voice as surely and as clearly as I ever heard it in life.*

"Here, I am still in bed," I answered.

Heavy silence followed.

After I was quiet, the Voice I had heard the morning of the accident came to me again silently, in my mind, saying, "Your husband woke up over here and realized for the first time that you are not with him. He will be all right now."

But *I* was not all right. I wanted to know more, for sure, and like Job I continued to remind God that I had a right to know. I'd do as much for my children. I expected Him to do for me. One night soon after hearing Herbert's voice I had a dream which to me seemed to be the answer I sought.

In the dream I found myself with my husband walking hand in hand down a great wide walk. On either side were trees, flowers, grass, a place of beauty with blue skies and sunshine above. The colors were different from anything I ever have seen on earth, but no different from the colors I always see in my dreams.

In the dream we were very happy. Herbert was wearing a lightweight business suit and I was wearing a pink linen dress. We were alone. Away down ahead of us stood a tall gate of two parts made of ornamental iron lacelike work, painted white. A sense of happy excitement pervaded the atmosphere. As we walked toward

the gate, I was receiving answers to some of my questions. Among them Herbert said, "*I am in the place where the music came from.*"

It seemed natural in the dream. Of course, Herbert was working with music. There was no surprise, no question about it, neither to him nor to me.

As we neared the tall gate, I noticed Herbert's side was now open. Mine was still closed, locked in place at the center of the walk. As we approached the gate, my husband stopped. He straightened himself and laughed a bit and buttoned his coat as he used to do when we stood up to dance.

"Well," he said, "I have to go." His manner was one of good-natured obedience to a loved and respected person of authority, but also contained surprise and unwillingness. He did not want to go, but he did want to obey.

"Why?" I asked. Not unhappy. Not frightened. "You cannot leave me alone," I said, greatly wanting to go with him. "Please don't go!"

"I *must* go," he replied. "I *can't* stay."

Then I understood he meant he had not wanted to die, but he no longer had an earth body and could not stay on the earth plane. It seemed perfectly natural and totally acceptable to me in the dream.

"All right," I said, content.

I cannot too strongly stress the fact that in the dream we both understood that the accident and, to us, Herbert's untimely death were not an end to anything, merely an incident in his eternity and in my eternity. In the

dream we understood much of the plan of man on earth and of lives and worlds that come after. It seemed then, in the dream, to be knowledge we long had had but for a time had lost sight of. In this dream with Herbert, I thought of some of my own past dreams and understood what some of them had meant, and this new understanding brought me a sense of peace, different from anything I had ever known before.

We stood there a moment, in the dream, remembering, then Herbert kissed me and we laughed about our having been so concerned about death only to find it was just an incident in eternal life. Then he walked through the gate. I turned and walked back alone the way we had come. I was gloriously happy because *we both knew* everything was all right and good beyond our power to comprehend.

As I walked on alone, conscious of the trees, grass, sunlight, bright flowers and the atmosphere of a different kind of happiness, I awoke. A stream of thoughts came to me like dictation answering some of my questions. One, I hugged to my heart: *No one dies alone*. That was something I long had held to be true in my total beliefs about the nature of man and of God and their relationship. Now, I felt, I knew it for sure. Nothing had proved it to me, and I offer the reader no proof. I can only say for myself I then knew it beyond doubt.

That morning I arose feeling the hour of separation was over; that Herbert had stabilized in his new world and that I now must do the same in my life on earth

without him. More than ever I believed that there had been a Project Manager in charge of our separation. I felt that no harm could come to either of us. I was ready to take up my own life and work. I would go to Honolulu and take my Soul's questions with me. And so it was that I traveled for six months and six thousand miles more before I again took up my book on overcoming fear.

CHAPTER

4

Song of the Sun

Decision opens the floodgates of power . . . love like a river . . .
journey into questions and space . . . Man was born to conquer
. . . alien in Paradise . . . repeated lesson . . . the woman who
painted a dream . . . the man who left too soon . . . flowers
are for the living.

*"The Empires of the future are the Empires of the
mind."*

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Decision opens the floodgates of power, brings new plans
and the means to carry them out. Everything I needed
for the trip to Hawaii, from money to a new summer
hat, came to me.

For clarity's sake I must explain that research for my
book on overcoming fear had been going on for several
years. As the leader of a church group called "The
Ministry of Answered Prayer," I had observed a connec-
tion between fears in the petitioners and failures in their
prayer projects.

The great in high places were frequently in print as to what they feared and why. Some of my fellow Americans, according to their press releases, had no hope for humanity. All was going to the dogs. Much already had gone. I did not agree and had long wanted to interview numbers of ordinary people like myself and learn what they thought. Going to Hawaii would give me the opportunity to do so. With that realization came an added plan for research: what did ordinary people like myself think about those matters on which my questions to God were based? What had been their personal experiences concerning life after death?

I felt that my interest in life after death was not morbid but extremely healthy—a sign of spiritual and mental growth. For in my book manuscript was a chapter: “Overcoming Fears of Death and the Beyond.” It had been written before my experiences concerning Herbert. I had asked for further information. I believed it would come. Perhaps in the light of new understanding I would want to change that chapter and maybe other parts of the book to make it more helpful to the reader.

Thinking about the reader, helping other people, strengthened me. In grief there is nothing like loving other people, being concerned about them, interested in them, to dry your own tears and to rebuild and refurnish your own heart. Since love attracts love, it is not surprising that love like a river picked me up and carried me firmly, safely, gently along. And so one cold foggy morning John drove me down to the International Air-

port in Inglewood. As we stood at the point beyond which visitors are not allowed, John kissed me and said:

"Remember, that Project Manager is still in charge. I'll be asking him to bring you home safe and to see that you have a good time while there." He swallowed, smiled and added, "And, if possible, to keep you out of trouble!"

The jet roared down the runway and there we were in the air. "The earth could not hold us," I thought. Nor could the earth plane hold the Soul freed by death from an earth-body.

I felt at home in the sky. The clear blue above, the darker blue of the ocean below when we could see it through the holes in the mounds of whipped-cream clouds, brilliant under the blazing sun, were not unlike some of the scenes in my dreams.

The two young ladies who were my seat companions were friendly and talkative. Soon they were telling me about their jobs, lives, fears and experiences with death and the beyond and why they were taking a vacation at that time. After they had talked themselves out and were dozing, I became still in body, mind and spirit, ready to review my list of questions.

Presently a flood of thoughts, like pelting rain, began to come to me. It seemed that Someone was reciting to me facts from the story of man on earth. I could catch such a few of them, words, ideas. Examples: This is the Song of the Sun . . . man was born to conquer . . . animals, land, water, air, space, time . . . everything that stands between him and his final victory—complete

freedom for the individual. He is now in the midst of his greatest battle: himself. The theme of the song was: Man has dominion over everything under the sun.

The thoughts came to me like strains of music. They seemed about to answer my heart's questions when our five air hours were up and there was blue-green Diamond Head to our right. The brown-green-tan earth rose swiftly to meet us. The monstrous plane glided to a halt and let itself be held close to Mother Nature's warm earth-breast. I felt that their gladness was mutual.

My first experience in the Islands began as soon as my feet touched the ground. I was an alien in this Paradise. Of England, France, the Netherlands, Greece, Rome and Egypt, I feel, "I've been there before"—but never have, in this lifetime. Of people I meet, "I've known them before." Of events, "This has happened before." The interest was passive, uninvestigated, simply observed. During the last five hours of time and twenty-five hundred miles of space my consciousness had expanded. Now, I thought, I must know more, for sure, for somehow these feelings belonged to my questions about life after death. I had an uneasy feeling, not to say premonition that answers to my bold questions to God might take me farther afield than I had counted on. In that bright hot sun I suddenly felt chilled and afraid.

Walking toward the crowds which the gates held back, people so loaded with bright flower leis that I could hardly see their faces, I was keenly aware of the smell of vegetation, lush, green, so alive and moving under the

hot sun that it threatened to take over and rule man. Then my friends Howard and Eloise Wickersham, in whose home I would stay awhile, were placing leis over my head. They were followed by Doris, wife of Herbert's son Top. Even in the presence of love I felt strange. There was no time to examine the vague fear; there were photographs to be taken for a newspaper story and people to meet.

Arriving at the Wickersham home, I was more at ease, for I have known them for some sixteen years. While there the following incident occurred:

I was exploring around their house and grounds, fascinated by the spongy, flaky soil, the many exotic plants—papayas are as common as carrots in California—and paused under the great banyan tree in their rear garden. Tendrils grew from the tree limbs, reaching down and down until they touched the earth where they take root and become another tree trunk. One of these strong whip-like tendrils stirred by the breeze struck my shoulders sharply. I rushed from under the tree into the open while fear, as old, as instinctive as man's desire for self-preservation, trembled my heart.

My first thought was that if such trees were not controlled they would cover the Island, leaving no standing room for man. We were enemies.

Then the Spirit of that tree, or an Interpreter, clearly told me not to fear it; that it had no free will, was bound by nature to one spot; that man had perfect dominion over it, over everything under the sun. *The tree feared*

me. The story of Jesus Christ withering the fig tree came to my mind in clear, strong words. I began to feel sorry for the tree, then kinship with it. Neither of us could live without the sun, rain, air, and earth. Next I had a feeling of kindness toward the tree. I walked slowly back under the great spreading limbs. Taking the offending whip in my hands, I touched my face with it and whispered, "I love you." Immediately all fear of the tree fled. The alien feeling remained.

As I went on with my exploring walk, I wondered if every living thing is somehow connected with the one Life, the one Love of the Creator? Was this how the blue jays knew the morning of Herbert's accident that he would not return to feed them? And why the trees and flowers in our garden had seemed sad even before the hospital phoned me? Did Herbert know that he never was coming back, and was it this knowledge that influenced me that morning and every living thing around us that he so long had loved?

After a few days with the Wickershams, I went over to the Island of Molokai to visit with other friends, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Kramer. He was then head of the Hansen's disease (leper) hospital. When they took me over the Island, showing me the historic spots where history was written in prayers, tears and the trying of the brave people who battled the "stigma" disease, my feeling of being alien and uneasy remained. "We now heal Hansen's disease," Dr. Kramer explained, "but the stigma 'unclean' in the minds of the public is yet to be healed." As I

listened to him, some of the Song of the Sun came back: born to conquer—disease, poverty, ignorance, hate, greed, lust, fear and death itself—after man conquers himself.

Another experience came as I was returning to Honolulu. As the little plane spluttered and sprinted high over the Pacific, the presence of my Holy Helper made Itself felt. Everything was flooded with a soft golden light, a sense of warmth as of love itself. A happiness I cannot describe filled me. I loved everything in sight—the water below, the sky above, Diamond Head to our right, the pilot and the other passenger in the plane, everything and every person on earth—even the bad, the frightening persons. All blended into a song of joy of which I was a part. A conviction that great good lay ahead not only for myself but for all mankind possessed me. I was no longer an alien.

Back on the ground en route to the Halekulani Hotel where I would stay, the thoughts continued: we are in one Mind and in one Love and never can be lost outside of them. But not even the tears of Christ could save the one who would not save himself. Free will is much more than most of us ever have imagined it to be. The law of cause and effect, sowing and reaping, is the law that executes itself.

The Halekulani Hotel is smack on Waikiki Beach. And that beach has had at least one word said for it for every grain of sand on it under the sun and under the sea. I saw it as a happy place of blue sea, yellow sunlight, white sands, green and white rolling surf, strange-

shaped watercraft and bathing suits stuffed with happy people. I was up early every morning and in the surf at seven and often again at three in the afternoon. The water was warm and friendly, offering no threat. It played with me. Welcomed me. Grief melted and was washed away with the waves.

It took a few days to get my mind to working, but the relaxing started at once. I slept and slept while tensions untied and floated out the door and on down to the Pacific. Finally I was ready to go to work. Some of my interviews came while on the beach, casual to start, the interest mounting to the finish. Others were with friendly guests at the hotel. Thoughts poured in on me whether I breakfasted alone in the coral lanai, under the ancient hau tree, or walked for miles up and down and around near the hotel.

At a drugstore I could sidle up on a stool beside a likely looking person and soon be hearing something of interest to one or the other of my sets of questions, which I seldom had to ask direct.

Then one night an old dream returned.

For years I have had a certain dream off and on, but it had not bothered me for a long time. The dream is always the same, with variations as to locations where the action takes place. But it always is at the ocean, never a river, pond or lake. Again, without preliminaries, I was standing on a large rock or bit of land which stuck up sharply from the water and, as always, I was fully clothed, warm and comfortable.

Then I noticed I was entirely surrounded by water. This realization frightened me. I looked about in vain for a way of escape. In front of me the ocean stretched out and away with tremendous breakers flashing blue and green in the sun as they came roaring, threatening me. They broke at my feet and swept around, past me, filling all the space behind me and the far-off shore. In the dream, as always, I knew I would not escape, that it was a matter of seconds before the onrushing sea would grab me and hurl me violently from the rock into the roaring, swirling water below. And it did.

Once again I was swept from my footing, dragged and pushed down, down into the cold water. "I am drowning," I said in the dream.

The water continued to push me down farther until I was on the bottom. The feel of the sand moving beneath me was an old familiar one.

"Now I am dead," I said in the dream. I lay still, rolled by the water. I was unable to move at all.

"If I am dead, how do I *know* I am dead?" I asked myself in the dream. There was no answer. But the conviction that I was *alive* because I *knew* I was dead, held. Then, as always before, came the thought and feeling, "Well, I don't have to stay here!"

Then, as before, I stood up and started to walk out of the water toward the beach. But the other part of me, which was dressed, could not move and remained in the water. It would wash out to sea, I knew in the dream. But this did not bother me.

As I walked I was aware that I was naked and that the water no longer had any power over me, no hurt. I was no longer cold. The water was deep, far over my head. I walked on and on and after a while I was in shallow water. I waded out and sat down in the bright hot sun on the beach. As in all the dreams, I was alone.

The dream sequences held true: for then, sitting there in the sunshine, I laughed. Not with mirth. With awe, wonder, gratitude, surprise, a sense of having learned a great truth about life. The laugh was like release from tensions that had been held all my life.

"I died," I said aloud to myself. "But I still am alive. So that's all there is to death. Life is as strong as love. Many waters cannot quench it. Many waters means many lifetimes."

As I talked to myself in that part of my dream, I was aware that I was repeating words that had been given to me by a teacher. "Life cannot end," came the final words.

In the dream I never remember that I have had it before as I do in some of them. It is only after I awake that I remember I wrote it down some years ago and have had it repeatedly. Lying in bed that night in Honolulu, I felt the dream had come for the last time; that the lesson had been learned: *nothing can put an end to life*. More of the meaning of the dream came to me. Water means consciousness. While we lose consciousness at one level, or seem to, as from the rock, earth, in the water, we do not really lose it any more than when we go to sleep at night. While sleeping we are "dead to the world,"

as we say. But when we wake in the morning, we are alive to the world. So it is when we "put off corruption" of the human body and put on "incorruption" of the spiritual body.

There was one new idea about this dream that had not come with the previous ones: in it I felt that the sun cared for me. "It knew all the time I would make it, that I would come out all right," I thought in the dream. "The strength of the sun is my strength, too," the thought went on. I felt that the sun was happy to warm me there on the beach, that it loved the people of earth.

While in Honolulu I met an amazing number of people, heard many stories. My friend Patricia Nesbitt Knight, whom Herbert and I had known for years, came down from Beverly Hills. It was she who introduced me to the *man who left too soon*. She had met him on ship-board coming down from San Francisco. One night she had us both to dinner at the Royal Hawaiian, where she was staying. His story seemed to belong to my list of answers and is given here.

He was Italian, a man of great practical sense, a widower, the father of five married children and grandfather to fifteen children. He was Roman Catholic, a warm-hearted and pleasant person. During dinner and the floor show, we induced him to talk of his early life in Italy and of his early adventures in America. He told us of his early failures and final financial success, his work as a farmer and fruitgrower, his views on world affairs and the State of our Nation.

But later when this gentleman started to take me back to my hotel, our cab was not off the Royal Hawaiian grounds before we were talking about the loss of our respective spouses. When we arrived at my hotel, he asked me to please walk awhile with him. "It is so good to talk to someone who understands my loss and sorrow," he said. He waited outside while I hurried in, took off my foolish high heels, and put on my sensible walking shoes. We walked and talked for hours.

"One thing," he said, "I wish I had stayed longer the night my wife she died. I had been going to the hospital every day until last thing at night. But this day she died, everybody thought she was better. I was there all afternoon. My son-in-law he came and said, 'Now, Papa, you go home and get dinner. I stay until you come back.'

"I started to tell my wife good-by, and she said, 'No, don't go. Please don't leave me.' But what I could do? I been there all afternoon. My son-in-law, he loves me like a real son. 'Go home, Papa,' he said. So I kissed my wife good-by and left. And she died a few minutes after I had gone. I left too soon. She asked me not to leave her—and I left too soon."

I tried to comfort him about his wife—surely she understood. But he was no more comforted than I was when John explained it all to me. The heart feels things the head cannot handle. He was convinced his wife knew she was going then but could not bring herself to say it. "I left too soon," he repeated.

We walked on respecting each other's silent grief and

memories, and if our tears without sound were mixed with the Hawaiian night mist, who could blame us? We talked of many other aspects of death and life after death.

"Nobody understands grief until they've had it," he said. "I grieved so over my wife my family they worried. The priest he told me, 'You selfish. God needed your wife and so he took her away and you ought to be glad.' But *he* didn't lose a wife he had loved for forty years. *I* did! How could he know how I felt?"

We talked of the Catholic belief and the Protestant belief about life after death. As to his views of eternal, burning fire punishment, I asked, "Would you do that to any one of your children or grandchildren?"

The thought horrified him, brought him to a sudden halt on the street. "Oh, no, no, no," he protested, hands out and up, rejecting the idea with his body, mind and spirit. "No matter how bad—"

"Are you then better and more loving than God? Can you love your children more than God loves you?" I persisted.

"There is so much we don't know about," he said thoughtfully. "Of course, I do not understand the Bible. I just follow what the church teaches."

He never had heard of the scientists or great scholars whose books had given so much comfort and information to my husband and me. He listened with interest as I presented some of their ideas. "Somebody ought to know the truth. After two thousand years—maybe it comes yet in my lifetime," he said hopefully.

He told me many stories of death and premonitions, of burial practices in Italy when he was a young boy. Thus we walked and talked and helped to heal the hurts each had sustained from the greatest blow in life—death of a loved one. The man had no fears of earth. Life here, he could handle. But it would have taken a miracle to set him free from his fears of punishment after death.

I felt no contact with Herbert at any time in Hawaii. Not even in his son's home when his grandchildren Margaret and Christopher asked me endless questions about him. No contact when I was in his nephew's home. None anywhere, as my search went on. Some answers came without my asking. One day when I was meeting the *Lurline* and incoming friends, I bought an armful of leis. The smiling Hawaiian girl said to me, "Flowers are for the living—not just for funerals."

The days evaporated and brought me to my next experience, *the Woman Who Painted a Dream*.

"If you write books, indeed if you read good books, you can't go to Honolulu and not hear about Frances Sabin," people said. The more I heard about her, the more I wanted to meet her and see her paintings done "from the unconscious" with regular water colors mixed with baby bath oil instead of water. She sold books only at night from about seven to twelve, and she was famous for selecting the right book for the customer.

Mrs. Sabin was at the counter the night I went in. Before I could speak, she said, "Hello there, Stella Terrill Mann. I have been expecting you. Why didn't you let

me know you were coming? I would have had the window filled with your books. I handle all five of them, you know."

She read about me in the paper and saw my picture, I thought. A little later I was not so sure. I mentioned wanting to see her paintings. She got me settled in a chair in front of a table piled high with portfolios of her work and left me to go take care of customers.

I opened her book of paintings and was immediately lost in a land that was familiar to me in my dreams. Many of her paintings were done in one color, chartreuse, gray blue or green. Suddenly I found it—her picture of a land I often have visited in my dreams—Land of the Pink Mountains. There was the low land, marshes, shrubs, body of water, mountains, skies, all pink. There was something in her work I had not seen in my dreams—the skies made of swirls suggested figures, people, heads, faces.

I was so fascinated I did not hear Mrs. Sabin approaching and was startled when she spoke: "If you find one you want, and if it is not sold or promised for my one-woman show next week, you may have it."

She had a set of three books in a container. "You need these," she said, putting them on the table before me.

I glanced at them. They were about life in the unseen world, by Borgia. I had never heard of them. But I had heard a lot about Frances Sabin fitting books to people. "I'll take them," I said, and told her of finding her painting of one of my dreams.

Frances Sabin smiled with her eyes. I felt that I was five years old and that she was an ageless pillar of wisdom.

"It is yours," she said, turned the painting over and inscribed it to me.

In trying to thank her, I explained: "There is more to the land than you have room for here. Right here is a wide stretch of marshy ground. Everything is pink, as you have it, even the sump holes where you go down to your ankles or knees if you are not careful. Right here there is a large inlet of water . . ."

I thought that the painter knew more than the dreamer and left the words unsaid. Her store was filling up. I could not presume on more of her time. She followed me to the door and summoned a cab for me from across the street. When I was home and had read the three books I bought, I did not agree with their content. She had not said I would. She had said, "You need these," and I did. And I wrote to thank her again and tell her so. Who can know the depth of wisdom in an educated heart?

Time ran out. I had to go home. When Howard and Eloise took me to the airport, they stopped en route and loaded me down with leis. In memory I heard the laughter of the happy-faced Hawaiian girl—"Flowers are for the living"—but even so, I knew I would carry that load of bright beauty to Herbert's grave for the first memorial day, only a few hours away.

As I boarded the jet in Honolulu, I turned and looked back at Eloise, about as big as a bar of soap after a hard

day's washing, and at Howard, protectingly near, this thought came: There is a thousand years of good blood behind them—generations of ladies and gentlemen. I have known and loved them before, perhaps for all those years, in many lives and would again, even if I never saw them again in this world. No proof. Nothing to hang it on. But my heart was strangely content to leave them—I'd see them again. The same tie that brings people together time after time on earth is the one that brings them together in other worlds again and again—love.

John met me at the airport. The next day he took me, with the armload of bright flowers brought from Hawaii, to Forest Lawn Memorial Park. At Herbert's grave I thought, Of course he is not here. He does not know anything about it. But to be here is respect, religion, responsibility, a privilege of love. Spencer says that it is the Soul that makes the body. I accept it as fact. Then Herbert had a noble soul, for he had built himself a noble body house, suitable for an architect, musician, artist to dwell in while on earth.

But on the way home from the cemetery I recalled our many conversations about death and the grave. "Let there be no weeping for the dear departed," we had agreed. By the time John and I reached home, I felt that I need not go back to Herbert's grave again, that he did not want me to do so. More, that it would hurt him if I did.

CHAPTER

5

Summer of Searching

Invisible bar on an open door . . . unseen visitor . . . where
there is life there is love . . . money from the hand of God . . .
cigar smoke in a kitchen . . . a boy and a swing.

*"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find;
knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one
that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and
to him that knocketh it shall be opened."*

St. Matthew 7:7-8
(KING JAMES VERSION)

Home from Honolulu, I found the mountains of paper had grown while I was away. I went after my desk first. One letter was from a former close associate of Herbert who had been interested in the booklet project. He wanted me to finish it "now while the market is still there." He went into details. "Your husband stood to earn about \$200,000 on his booklet series during the next few years. I know your financial circumstances." He believed I could do the work. He knew I had worked with Herbert

on his radio programs for ten years. The suggestion sounded like good sense. No one could do Herbert's work as he would have done it, much of which was never on paper, but copies of versions of the booklet must be in his office.

I arose and went across the living room to Herbert's study to look for the manuscript. John had carefully put everything away there while I was gone. When I opened Herbert's study door, I could not enter the room. I did not see anything or anyone, nor did I hear anything or anyone. I had been in and out of that room dozens of times since I had come home. Now, something blocked my way. Was it my own subconscious mind? I didn't know. Just how was my mind playing tricks on me? I tried again. I could not enter. An invisible force seemed to bar the way. I felt strange, a little foolish and somewhat frightened. Then I remembered that if you set out to walk with God (get answers to your questions), you have to walk all the way and often without seeing one inch ahead in the dark.

I stood there looking into the room at the familiar files, the desks, out the west windows at the bay tree, the camellias and azaleas blooming against the white fence on the north, the green lawn. Everything was normal except myself. I do not believe in a power of evil, only a power of good (which can be used for evil purposes), and I told myself that this was good, not to fight it but to try to understand it. The law is: face the thing you fear. I remembered the banyan tree experience. Yet when I

tried again to enter the room, I again felt barred; an unseen force was definitely there. I turned away and sat down on the couch in the living room and asked, "What do you want me to know?" The question was addressed to God or to the Person who was in charge.

Herbert's voice (in my memory, not in person) came back to me saying what he had said that last morning just before he went for the walk. I saw him in my mind as he paused at the sidewalk and came back to the front door. I heard him saying: "Honey dear, you must always remember never to pick up my work again. Your work is more important than mine."

I sat awhile longer, wondering if this was just egotism on my part or if it was a true directive. The memory message was repeated firmly, calmly. Back in my own office I decided to go on with my book and not to do Herbert's work. With the decision came a sense of peace, as it always does when I decide correctly. I wrote the man that I was not emotionally capable of attempting to finish Herbert's booklet at this time and was not sure that I ever would be. The next day I had no trouble entering Herbert's study and have had none since.

The daily work went on, research in and around Southern California in a day's or hour's drive from Pasadena. My files grew fat with material. It was hopeless to try to use it all, although it was helpful for comparisons and for finding a trend of thinking both as to facts on fear and experiences concerning death.

When very low times came, I went into Herbert's study

or into his bedroom and sat in silent prayer and meditation. Again and again ideas came to me at those times, in answer to problems. There were times when I again heard the silent voice that came to me in the garden the morning of the accident. At others, I received thoughts, directives that went to the point like a teletype message. Once I was directed through forceful thought to files in a storage place in the garage for papers I needed but did not before know existed. Today, three years later, I still have not gone through Herbert's papers. I think Herbert himself could not have found those in the garage by ordinary methods. They were lost, completely out of place from where they should have been.

Then there was the matter of the five hundred dollars. It started with my need for money to meet Herbert's bills, which I greatly desired to pay. A thought came to me to look into one of his files. I did. Among other things there was a post card filed about two years before. Following what seemed to me to be point after point directives, which I did not understand at the time, I eventually received a check for five hundred dollars which I had not known ever could be due me or Herbert. It came through circumstances too strange to be believed. But come it did in the way I had been asking for money, "in perfect ways and under Grace." Grace, of course, means unearned, unmerited love. This money was in effect a gift, totally unearned.

Then June, with cold high fogs, worked itself out while John finished work on my automobile and got

things ready around the house. Early in July he went to San Francisco to live. John is descended, on his father's side, from a long line of seagoing English ancestors and he can stay inland just so long, then he has to live beside the sea or ship out.

John went and I was alone for the first time in my life. Born into a large family, surrounded by relatives and friends all my life, it was a difficult time for me. Work is a stabilizer. I increased my efforts. People say, "Time heals all wounds." It is not true of loss of a loved one in death. Neither time nor tears will heal this hurt. Time only gives love the opportunity to do the healing.

Then it was July and very warm in Pasadena and I met with another experience.

Friends came and I took them to the Huntington Gardens, one of the show places of the world. They are in San Marino, next door to Pasadena, not far from my home. Herbert and I used to stop our work and drive over for an hour every now and then, when the azaleas were in bloom or the rose season on or just to see "Pinkie" and the "Blue Boy" in the fabulous Art Gallery, or to walk through the noble halls admiring paintings, tapestries, and elegant priceless antique furniture and rugs, which brought dead history to life for us. Or the library. "Let's go see if the Gutenberg Bible is still here," one of us would say.

On our visits we always sat for a while on the wooden slat bench that encircles a large ancient oak tree near one end of the vast library building. We enjoyed the

happy children on the sea of grass and let our souls visit with sunshine and the love of God.

"Did I tell you today that I love you?" Herbert would say out of silence, often in the presence of beauty. Often when we walked in the Gardens. Of course he had, because he told me daily and many times a day.

I was thinking of these things that July afternoon, my first visit there since Herbert had gone. I felt such waves of loneliness that I asked my friends to go on without me to see the Japanese Gardens, acres away. They kindly left me sitting alone on the circular slat bench which collars that ancient oak.

Presently there was a sense of warmth, of waves of love approaching me. Then from out in front of me, it seemed, I heard Herbert's silent voice. "You cannot see me. But I am here," came to my mind through his voice.

"You are sad," I said, shocked. "I thought everything over there was perfect. Why are you sad, dear?"

"Please continue to pray for me," he said. "Please get your book done, honey dear." It sounded like begging to me.

"I am working every day," I whispered.

"But you have fear. Free yourself. You are afraid of what people will think. Trust God. Widen the channel. Let it all come through. Then get it all said."

Then he was gone, leaving me utterly alone, with hundreds of people milling about me. There was so much I wanted to ask him. My book was to have been mailed in April. How did Herbert, in July, know it was not yet

finished? He could not have known in life that I had put it down the day of the accident, in March. Did he know from the other side? Or had he known all along, as he knew I was at the hospital even though he was unconscious? Questions without answers. During that summer of searching I read as I had not read in years. Books that long had been on my shelves were now re-examined. New ones were obtained. I read Weatherhead's booklet *The Case for Reincarnation* for the first time. I studied the New Testament, read the works of the Old Prophets, reviewed my questions. Again and again I felt I was directed to a certain page, a line. I kept notes on what I read. A trend began to show. Greatly encouraged, I continued.

Then it was August, and my daughter asked me to come down for a few days. So I went to Santa Ana. This was my first trip there since Herbert had gone. I had not thought about their dog Poochie until I arrived. Herbert loved dogs. He understood them and his success in training them, he said, lay in the fact that each knew what the other was thinking. He said he respected dogs, let them keep their dignity, did not try to make a human being out of an animal and that the dogs appreciated it.

These thoughts came to my mind when Poochie rushed out to the car to greet me. I felt at once that he knew Herbert had gone. He showed me in little manners of body wriggles and by the soulful look in his eyes that he had a great sympathy for me. Where there is life there is love, I thought. Herbert is alive somewhere. He still

loves me. I felt comforted. Grief is, of course, loss of contact with living love. Perhaps no one knows exactly what love is or how it works but it is as necessary as oxygen, breath itself. Poochie made it clear that he loved me and was overjoyed to see me.

A few days later when I was alone in the house, strong waves of loneliness overflowed me. I had the definite feeling that Herbert was sad. Poochie, outside, came to the kitchen door and made it clear he urgently wanted to come in. He plainly had something on his mind. I let him in and settled down with the mending basket again. Poochie, at my feet, did not doze. He was keenly awake. Tense, expectant. Soon I felt, "Someone is coming." Next, a sense of warmth enveloped me. Then the sure feeling of an approaching person.

Poochie made a strange sound, rose to his feet, muscles taut, and stood stiff, in fear. But also in courage, as if determined to protect me. The sounds that came from him of warning, fear, puzzlement, surprise, pain were almost human. "Everything is all right, Poochie," I assured him, and kept my hand on his back. His sharp bark of threat, his growl of harsh warning with teeth bared, quickly fell to a pitiful whine and finally to sounds of recognition. If a dog can cry, Poochie cried for joy as he looked toward the living room door.

Then I heard Herbert's voice (silent, in my mind, not to my physical ears) and felt that his presence was in the room. "If only I could see you!" I said aloud. "Why can't I see you, dear, if you are here?"

"The conditions are not right for you to see me," came the silent answer. "Honey dear, remember love is stronger than death."

There was no laughter in him then. No sense of happiness there had been in the dream when he told me he was in the land where the music came from. His sadness worried me. He had been such a good man, so gentle, kind, loving, and never had he ever harmed anyone. He did not answer my question. He said, again in silent thought to me, but it was his voice, not mine, silently speaking, "Honey dear, you must take care of yourself. You are working too hard. Please rest. You are endangering yourself. Rest. Sleep. Be happy. I am all right. Do not doubt."

Then he had gone and Poochie was licking my hands and trying to comfort me. I believed that he had recognized Herbert and that he in some way understood what had happened better than I had or could.

I had been working about sixteen hours a day on the book research, keeping notes, research reading, taking care of business problems left from Herbert's affairs. I did not realize how terribly tired I had been. But only that morning I had told my daughter, "Suddenly everything looks ugly. Even the trees." To which she replied, "You're just tired, Mommy. High time you got down here for a rest." I did not return to Pasadena until I felt rested and alive, until the trees and flowers looked beautiful again.

More and more stories of people whose word I could not doubt were filed. A typical one was the case of the businessman who gave his keys to his secretary when he left on Friday afternoon saying, "You might need them." This never had been done before. He died on the business trip he had taken over the week-end. The keys were the first thing they needed. The stories of premonition outnumbered the others. One concerned a mother, in the best of health, who went around giving her household goods away and then died, suddenly. She had not been ill at all. Another woman gave her automobile away, saying, "I will not need it any more." She died a few weeks later. In every one of the cases of pre-knowledge of coming death there was love at work. People made arrangements because they wanted to save their loved ones, or business associates, trouble, time or money, or all three. *Love always acts*. This rule of life long known to me began to assume new proportions in the scheme of things.

There were many stories of those, like the man I met in Honolulu, who "left too soon." And, as in my own experience with Herbert, the patient was thought and said to be "so much better." As one young man said to me, "Like a lamp globe that burns brighter just before it burns out."

And there were stories of the return of their beloved dead. Those who told me these stories were absolutely sure in their own minds that it *was* their loved one who had returned, appeared to them.

Example: THE STORY OF CIGAR SMOKE
IN A KITCHEN.

A young housewife told me of a visit from her father shortly after he had died. She was alone in her kitchen with her two very young children. Suddenly she smelled cigar smoke and whirled around, frightened, fearing someone had entered the house. Her husband was gone. But he did not smoke cigars. No one was there. Was there someone in another room? Had her brother, who smoked cigars, arrived and let himself into the house? Yet she knew he was two thousand miles away at that moment. The smell of cigar smoke grew stronger. She became very frightened. Then her father spoke aloud to her, calling her by her childhood pet name and said, "It is all right."

"I knew he was there," she told me. "I began to weep but again he comforted me and told me everything was all right."

This young woman had seen her father just a few months before when she visited him. She had wanted to go back for his last illness and had grieved deeply that she could not go. Was he trying to tell her not to worry, that it was all right that she had not gone, though at the time he had wanted her there very much? She had suffered, thinking she had deserted him when he needed her. As she told me her story, I got a feeling that her father wanted her to know it had not mattered because she had not gone to him.

Another story: A BOY AND A SWING.

When Edward (not his real name), who is a very astute businessman, was a boy about seven years old his father died. A week or so after that he and his mother were visiting relatives one Sunday. He and his two girl cousins were playing in the yard. They were taking turns in the swing, but he had not had a turn when his aunt called out the back door to come in to dinner. After the little girls ran in, Edward climbed into the swing and tried to swing himself, but he was too short-legged and could not "make it go, could not pump and make it swing very well." This bothered him. He had not yet had a turn in the swing and now, alone, he could not manage it.

Suddenly his father was there behind him, pushing him, which seemed all quite regular to the little boy. He knew his father had "died" and that everyone had cried, but he did not know what it meant. He was delighted to be pushed into the air, and "was having a good time when Mother stuck her head out of the door and called me. I told her Daddy was swinging me and that I would be in in a minute."

He said, "Mother started to bawl and it sort of broke everything up. But it was my father. I know, for sure."

This man has had a number of remarkable experiences in his lifetime and is one of the finest men I ever have known. This trend also began to show: Those who have experiences seem to have numbers of them. Some of those I interviewed have had experiences all their lives from

early childhood on. Many of them reminded me of the early experiences of William Blake, the great English mystic, writer and painter, whose experiences began in very early childhood.

So went my days of searching. Summer burned itself out in my neglected garden and in my heart. John, up in San Francisco, continued to write me to remember that September was a beautiful month in the city beside the Golden Gate. "Remember, you always have loved it . . . remember, movement helps you, you said, and those jets move. And for heaven's sake, remember you have a plane ticket right there in your desk somewhere—it was bought in Honolulu for San Francisco with stopover in Los Angeles. I know; I saw the ticket myself. Somebody was taking care of you when they got that ticket. So don't waste it!"

John's Scotch blood (his middle name is Stuart) is never far below the surface.

When September arrived, I departed for San Francisco on the third lap of my journey into questions for the book on overcoming fear and for answers for my own heart about experiences with life and death. By then my questions to God had gone so far afield that the whole teaching of Jesus Christ had become a part of my seeking, asking, knocking on strange doors for information.

I would go around the Bay area, to Chico, Reno, down into Nevada, back to the Bay region again and home.

CHAPTER

6

The Evidence Increases

Everyone has a story . . . more music in the night . . . the angels were busy . . . heaven in broad daylight . . . land of the happy children . . . trends begin to show.

"What science sees, and what all thinking men know, is the unbelievable value of the universal faith in a Supreme Being. Man's advance to morality and a sense of obligation is the outgrowth of faith in God and belief in immortality."

Man Does Not Stand Alone
A. CRESSY MORRISON

September's heavenly weather was smiling all over the southland when I set out for San Francisco on the third lap of my journey into questions. It was there at the airport when John met me in the early afternoon and took me to the Sir Francis Drake Hotel where I would stay while covering the Bay area—selected because Herbert and I had so often enjoyed being there in the past. Visits to friends in other hotels and apartments and private homes were part of my assignment. Again, I found it

more satisfying to talk to people for a personal witness than to read. There had been three months of that.

Appointments were set up in advance. While waiting for those whom I intended to question about their experiences with fear concerning the State of our Nation, I walked at random over the streets of San Francisco. As everyone knows, the City beside the Golden Gate is built on hills, which is only one reason why it is one of the most charming places in the United States; the other is the kind of people who live there.

I never met a stranger. People turn out to be ladies and gentlemen and so no stranger to my heart, or interesting scoundrels, or people with experiences and ideas worth knowing in any case. And sometimes, there are those who need my help. Being a grandmother whose hair is frankly gray should allow a woman some privileges, and I take them. I therefore spoke to hotel maids, bus boys, waiters, people looking into shop windows, and those I met when I went on a sightseeing trip by bus or by boat around the Bay or on a cable car up Powell Street, or on Grant Avenue through Chinatown on foot. After a glance or a few words I decided to question or to pass. Some were tapped for fear information only, others for psychic experiences, a few for both.

And what did they tell me?

A hotel maid told me she knew when her mother had died "in the old country before we could get her safe to this country," because her mother appeared one night at her bed to tell her in her native tongue, "Don't cry for me

no more. I am safe now." Later they heard of the death of the mother at the time the daughter got the message. This hotel maid appeared to be a happy, wholesome, well-adjusted person who had love in her life.

But another maid, in the same hotel, told me she "hated God," and did not believe in life after death. Her brother had been killed in the war. She was a very bitter and unhappy person.

On this trip there had been a plan to visit a family in Nevada, near Reno, who lately had come into my life. My special interest was a little girl who had leukemia. The doctors had given up hope for her recovery. This child, intelligent beyond her years, an interesting and unusual person, had the most beautiful hair I ever saw on a child's head. Luxuriant in texture and color, it hung below her waist. I had loved her on sight when she first came to my home soon after my return from Honolulu. She was an adopted child and her foster parents and her "adopted grandmother," as she had expressed it to me, loved her above their own lives. She was much in my mind.

Then one day during lunch in the Sky Room atop the Sir Francis Drake, with a lady I had known for years, I started to think about that little girl and felt sad.

As the weight of sadness increased and enveloped me, I put my coffee cup down and looked out at the blue sky and the vast world to be seen from those wide windows—moving ships, the Ferry Building with the clock, the bright orange-colored Bay Bridge—determined to get hold of my emotions. It was just a wave of self-pity, I

reasoned. For at this same table Herbert and I had so often sat enjoying that view and making plans to go down to Palo Alto to visit his sister Florence and her scientist husband. That joy, too, had gone forever. Both of them had passed on a few years before Herbert's going. Reasoning did not help me. The choking feeling, the heart-skips threatened to get out of hand.

Relaxing my hands in my lap, I silently asked that those three people, Herbert, Herman and Florence, who had loved me please be notified that I still loved them, missed them, was grateful for the privilege of having known them on earth and that I hoped to be allowed to know them again.

Then something warm enveloped me. I felt Herbert had come, trying to comfort me as he had done all of our years together at the slightest whimper from me that I might need comfort from him. I felt ashamed of my emotion. This put me back in charge again. I turned to take up conversation with my temporarily neglected friend. She was sitting quietly staring at me, looking a little frightened.

Before I could speak to apologize, she said, "I thought someone came up behind you."

We had a long talk in my room after lunch. She believed in life after death and believed that people going saw the land before they left earth, giving me examples to explain her points of belief. After she had gone and I was alone in my room, I was again engulfed in a flood of sorrow, but this time, it seemed that I was tuning into it

rather than experiencing it myself. I had interviews later and an appointment for dinner that night and did not get back to the hotel until past midnight. I went to bed immediately.

About two o'clock I was awakened by the sound of music. I lay wondering what it meant. The phone rang. It was the parents of the little girl in Nevada. Because of a mixup as to when I would and would not be at the hotel, they had tried to get me before and failed. The child had died. Could I come for the funeral? I decided to wait and go later when I felt they would need me more. I did not know what the music meant, nor whether it had to do with Herbert or the child or both or neither. But I heard it.

A few days later I went on for my next stop, a visit with my Aunt Harriet Schellenger Jay in Chico. The only sister of my father, the last of her generation (her husband had died years before), she was alert, keen of mind, sharp of wit and a delightful person to be with. She had moral beauty, found so rarely in older people. Herbert loved Aunt Harriet and she him; we had visited in her home and she in ours.

John drove me up to Chico one bright Sunday morning, skimming over the wide freeways through great ranch lands, brown fields studded with green live oaks, accented here and there with the flash of bright-colored birds, species we do not see down south.

We arrived in early afternoon at the big square frame house in which Aunt Harriet had lived for nearly fifty years. There was company when we arrived, relatives, all

well known to me. We are an eating and visiting family. The coffeepot never gets cold. John left right after lunch. Finally it was night and Aunt Harriet and I were alone in the cool of the September evening. Wise, kind, she understood my hurt and need to talk and opened the subject herself. Among other points she brought up those of her own experiences during the two times in her earlier life when she had almost died.

One was when her daughter Wanda was a baby. Aunt Harriet was gravely ill and had been taken down to San Francisco to a hospital. She had an experience she felt was that of dying, or leaving this world. She could hear the doctors talking and knew that they thought that she was going. Then she was "somewhere else." But she was "very happy and felt no pain. There was beautiful music. And I saw the angels, all moving around, hurrying about. It was so peaceful, so pretty, I didn't want to come back. But when the doctors brought me back to life, if that is what they did, and I think it was that, of course I was glad, for I then remembered my husband and our baby."

Her second experience coming later in life was much like the first. Answering my direct question, she said no, she had not become a part of the group of hurrying-about angels. "I just saw them, but I was not right up near them."

Then it was time for me to go on to Reno. While waiting for the cab that would take me to the Greyhound bus, I told Aunt Harriet I'd like to come back in February for

her birthday. She knew I was dedicating my book to her and was pleased. I did not know then when I'd finish it. It would have to be before I could make another trip. The cab arrived. Aunt Harriet went out the kitchen door with me and stood on the steps above while I got into the cab.

"In February, if I can," I said.

"If you can," she said and smiled in a way she had when the joke was on somebody else, her blue eyes dancing. She was plainly in possession of information I didn't have. Her manner was saying, "Wait and see who gets fooled!" in high good humor and suppressed laughter.

As the cab rolled out past her garden, Aunt Harriet waved gaily. I had a sinking feeling I'd never see her again. I didn't. She passed away early in the new year of 1962.

On the trip from Chico to Reno I was lost in the beauty of the country which I never had seen before. California history of gold rush days lay plentiful on every side. The passengers were a cheerful, happy lot, but I was glad to sit alone and evaluate all I had been hearing and to wonder about Aunt Harriet. In the late afternoon we reached Reno and my friend Cecil Atkins was there to meet me and to take me to her home, where I met her attorney husband.

In Reno I heard a number of stories I thought were true and one concerning the little girl who died of leukemia. It was told to me by a middle-aged businessman whom I had not known before. But he long had known me through my

books and had looked forward to my coming. He was anxious to be heard and seemed to feel that few if any would believe him.

It was a few days after the funeral, he told me, and he said that he was "wide awake when it happened. It was daylight, early in the morning. I had just made a pot of coffee and was sitting down at the kitchen table to drink it when suddenly there was a lot of light in the room. Then out there in front of me there was a round frame of light, much like a porthole in a ship. Then I saw inside of that circle a group of children, angels, and as they moved and talked, all excitedly, I saw our little girl was the center of attention. I made out that they were welcoming her. You never saw such happiness! It was so beautiful. Why, she was just as alive as she was on earth, and just as pretty. Her long hair was just the same!"

I heard him out in full. Then I walked out into the crisp cool air and bright September sun of Nevada and looked up at the electric blue sky and felt that the man was as honest as daylight. I believed that he *actually had seen* the child surrounded by angels of her size and age, and that the activity he witnessed was a happy welcoming home of the little girl who had been on earth and who still had the same kind of body even to her most unusual hair that she had on earth.

The man's story set up a whole new train of thoughts in my mind. I knew that the body of that lovely child had been cremated. How could it be? I recalled articles by Dr. Stromberg in the *Science of Mind Magazine* in which he

had said that the *ideas* or soul patterns of every organ in the human body are held in space time perhaps for eternity. He explained how this fact is used in healing by prayer.

Then Helen Marshall came and took me deep down into Nevada to her ranch home near Genoa. Helen had lost her husband since I last saw her, but we did not talk about death. We talked about our children and grandchildren, the State of our Nation, yesterday, today and tomorrow.

One night at Helen's I dreamed of Herbert. As in all my dreams, everything was in beautiful colors. The nearest I can come to describing the colors which seem so much brighter, so different from anything I have seen on earth, is to say that the light seems to come through the flowers and leaves instead of being reflected from their surfaces. I have tried holding up a tender young green leaf so that the sun shines through it and this gives somewhat the effect of the colors of my dreams but not entirely. The living things in the dreams seem so much more alive.

In this dream I was not close to Herbert. It seemed that I stood on a small knoll looking down at Herbert and a group of happy children. They were not aware of me. They were playing some kind of game, running, laughing, calling, singing, with Herbert standing to one side, hands on his hips, directing them. They were just like children of earth. None of them had wings. Some had long hair, some short. Herbert looked younger than when I last had

seen him, and radiantly happy in that beautiful land. The trees, flowers, grass seemed happy too, quivering or vibrating in an exciting sight to behold.

I awoke from the dream and for hours thought of all that had happened since the day of the accident. All of it together brought a sense of peace. "Dear God," I said. "You do love us! If only we knew how to truly love you in return."

For many years I have been unhappy about the average church, its teachings, its smug satisfaction with things as they are; its continued belief that the will of God is for sickness and suffering; its failure to try to understand the power of thought as Jesus taught it; its belief that man has one short lifetime on earth and then goes to heaven for eternity without any further responsibility or growth on his part.

That night down in the Nevada countryside I recalled the stimulating conversations of many business and professional people I had met during my search for truth. They too were asking some of the questions that were in my heart. I intended to never stop asking until I got answers that would help me to see a clear new way of life for Christians—the kind of life I believed Jesus Christ had come to teach, preach and promise, and had *died* to make clear to humanity. Why didn't we talk about what Jesus had said, that any man could learn to do the things He had done "and greater works shall ye do." Somehow, these questions had to do with life after death and quite

possibly a life before earth birth. When we knew more for sure, we would know the most important thing man could do while on earth. He obviously was not yet doing it or we would have Paradise on earth instead of "a rat race," a way of life that threatened to wipe out the whole human race. The truth existed. And therefore, it could be found.

Before I fell asleep again, I knew my visit was over. The next morning I started home and eventually was on the train from San Francisco. I took time out to make a report to myself on what I had found so far. Here it is:

1. Nearly everyone has a story of some kind of psychic experiences. Once he starts to talk about it, his interest grows and he seems to be happy for the opportunity to discuss the subject of life after death.

2. Love seems to play a very large part in psychic experiences. Those who had only a very hazy or general belief that there is anything beyond the grave came under the classification I noted before: lack of love and often bitterness.

3. More and more I thought of the Bible references to love. "Those who love know God." It may be a literal truth. Does love increase with awareness or is it the other way around? Do we, through love, deeply caring about life, make a larger channel for God or the Spirit of Love to flow through us? In some way, does our place, position in life after death depend upon the amount or size of love that we have collected or given?

4. Each person I talked with was deeply convinced

about his own experiences, but almost everyone was skeptical or downright disbelieving about the experiences of others.

5. People with stories felt they knew God and had no problem talking about Him or their relationship to God until they attempted to define Him.

6. At one level or another it seemed fully 90 per cent of the people do believe in life after death. But their ideas about it vary according to their lifelong religious beliefs. Some of the same points came up in nearly every story.

7. Heaven or Paradise, or wherever it is we go to from here, must be a busy place. This point made itself noticed in story after story. There is tremendous activity going on. *All the angels were busy.* They were not dawdling around or singing praises, although nearly everyone I talked with who had had glimpses of the beyond noted music. Some of them were people who professedly could not "carry a tune in a basket," themselves. All were impressed by and liked the music. I did not figure out a way to determine whether the music I heard was the same that they heard. They could not describe it either. One point seemed the same: it was far off, like background music.

On the peaceful journey south by train I had picked up more stories before we arrived at Glendale, where friends met me.

CHAPTER

7

Thoughts from Above

Language of the Soul . . . purpose of life is growth . . . stars under my feet . . . a promise is kept . . . stories from life: the brother who waited . . . the door that wouldn't stay closed . . . dreams of muddy water . . . headless sheep . . . land of happy picnic parties . . . the man who wanted no tears.

" . . . imaginative thought gives no consideration to the idea of time or distance. It reaches its destination be it a star or your child, instantly . . . we must inevitably reach the conclusion that the power of imagination is closely akin to the spiritual. If there be immortality for the spirit, there is immortality for the imagination."

Man Does Not Stand Alone

A. CRESSY MORRISON

Home, to find a sad garden. You can always hire help to water your garden and cut the lawn. But loving your garden is a job you must do for yourself if you want it to be happy.

Then it was Sunday, October the first, and I met with

the next experience. It occurred in the Church of Religious Science in Alhambra where Herbert and I had gone on the Sunday night before the accident on Tuesday. These facts were in my mind as I set out that morning, my first time to attend there since Herbert had gone. As long as he lived, I never once went to church alone.

We always sat in the third row from the front, in the center. The smiling usher remembered. In the time of silent meditation before the service began, a sense of warmth enveloped me. This increased. When we stood up to sing the first song, I felt that Herbert was there beside me in the vacant place between me and the aisle side seat. That is the way it used to be. I thought that if I could push the feeling of Herbert's presence a little further, I could see him standing there. When we sat down, I felt more strongly than before that he was there. Taking part in the service was impossible. I wanted to go up front and tell them, "Herbert is not dead! He is here, in Spirit, in another form, but *he is alive!* Everything we've ever believed in our Christian religion about life and resurrection is true!"

Through the rest of the service a strange beauty pervaded that church. All the people looked radiant, more alive, as if a light shone from inside of them. They reminded me of the bright flowers I see in the land of my dreams. Their songs did not drown out the music that was coming to me from somewhere else. I wondered if I might be tuned in to Herbert, that he was able in some way to project himself, his mind, or thoughts of us and

that somehow in doing this I heard music where he was, as in a background. Not clear, not defined. But there. When the service was over and I started down the aisle to the narthex, I seemed to be floating. The people looked unreal. Then suddenly Herbert was gone and everything was normal again.

Home, I wondered about the experience in church. Herbert had not been a Bible student. He knew more about science than he knew about religion. I consulted Dr. Stromberg's book *The Soul of the Universe* (second edition), which had meant so much to Herbert. I read again from "My Faith," expressed there as it had previously appeared in *The American Weekly*. Stromberg says:

"All our mental characteristics and faculties have their origin in the nonphysical world. There lies the origin of our sensations of light and colors and of sound and music. There is the origin of our feelings and emotions and of our will and thoughts. There is the source of our feelings of satisfaction and of bliss, and of guilt and remorse."

Stromberg further says:

"At our death our 'brain field' which during our life determined the structure and functions of our brain and nervous system is not destroyed . . . all our memories are indelibly 'engraved' in this field, and after our death, when our mind is no longer blocked by inert matter, we can probably recall them all, even those of which we were never consciously aware during our organic life. Some of these memories will torment us and others will bless us.

Our conscience gives us an inkling of what we can expect in another world where there are pleasure and beauty as well as sorrow and pain.

"This, it seems to me, is the Heaven and Hell indicated by the many new discoveries in modern science."

Comparing Dr. Stromberg's views with those of A. Cressy Morrison given at the head of this chapter seemed to me to explain what had happened. Perhaps *this was all* that had been happening in the times I had felt Herbert's presence. Could it be that Herbert had, through a perfectly natural use of the power of mind-thought-imagination, tuned in to me with his thoughts from above? If so, there might have been many more that I had failed to receive. Morrison holds that Mind does not die. So do many other scientists.

I felt that Herbert had not forgotten the church, the people he knew and loved there, and that on the other side his mind was now capable of clear thinking and perhaps more astute evaluating of what is worthy and what is not than he was capable of doing while on earth.

For example: In life, Herbert thought that nearly all spiritualists and mediums were charlatans. He would no more have gone to a "spiritualist church" than he would have gone into a snake pit. I never attended one either. When the celebrated Arthur Ford, author of *Nothing So Strange* and said to be one of the greatest mediums living, came to our home, Herbert refused to sit through the program. I had sixteen people present who were interested in

messages from the other side, including Dr. Stromberg and his wife Helga, a minister, a doctor, a lawyer and other quite sane people. My son John took the whole proceeding on our tape recorder. About the time Mr. Ford got well started, under trance, Herbert arose and left the room—and there is the squeak of his chair as he did so, on the recording. He did not come back until the seance was over. He admired Arthur Ford as a person. But he “just couldn’t take” the proceedings. Well, had Herbert changed his mind about such powers of nature, in light of new evidence on the other side? The purpose of life is growth. Had he grown to the point of trying to contact me?

On one point concerning the experience in church I felt that such connections as sending thoughts from above came within the framework of love. There had to be tremendous desire on his part to send and great willingness on my part to receive. It may, in fact, be the very way that such a “hookup” is effected. Mind is a masculine quality. Soul is a feminine quality. The masculine functions are active; the feminine are receptive.

I thought that to be able to hear the glorious music whenever I tuned in to Herbert was highly indicative. The key to his desires, joys, certainly had been music, harmony. We rightly say, “Music is the language of the Soul.” Certainly music had to do with Herbert and he with music.

That Sunday night I read through the manuscript of

my book on overcoming fear. I decided to leave Chapter Six on overcoming fears of death and the beyond about as it was written, adding only that after the loss of my husband I still held the same views. Most of the other chapters would have to be rewritten in light of my further research the past six months. The next morning I was at my desk at six.

Only a writer knows that it takes all of the devotion, concentration, moral integrity, physical energy and mental powers one has to get a book together. I don't know how other writers do it, but at the assembly stage I must be much alone, working early and late. All social engagements are canceled, my phone put on an answering service and my family know that I must "desert them" for a while. A strange thing happened in working on that book. *I never once felt alone.*

I often was up at four in the morning. The stars are bright in the fall sky of California at that hour. The air is crisp and cool. There is a hint of winter but no threat. Each morning the star-spangled sky brought me a sense of peace, an awareness of God. Often at that hour I recapitulated what I had been reading that summer, or the stories others had told me in person. Out of those countless stars in the sky, how many were fit homes for man? Some astronomers said "billions" of them probably are, each a complete system with a sun of its own for its planet. Remembering that a recent scientific discovery had set the date of man on earth at 1,750,000 years and

that the Bible gives the life of man on earth at about 5000 years, I thought it was past time for us to bring our facts up to date.

Each morning my high thoughts from above steadied and readied me for the day's work. One morning I heard myself say aloud, "Stars under my feet, too. The earth is round." This set up a train of thought about the complete circle of man, an idea I had worked on before, but that morning I knew it would not leave me alone until I had explored it to the point of understanding and satisfaction. For it was that morning that a new sense of the *importance of man to God* lodged in my mind. Heretofore, I had thought more of man's needing God. I felt warm, happy. I was safe and would be all the days of my life here and hereafter. But *safety was not enough*. Nor love; nor happiness. Not all of them put together. There was something that meant more, and I had to find it. But it had to be put aside until that book was done.

My promise was kept to my publishers. The book manuscript was mailed to them December first. Suddenly it was Christmas. Granddaughter Carol Ann spoke our own secret thoughts at our family dinner when she said, "There is nobody here to sing 'O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree' in German to me. My grandpa has gone."

When my grandson John Robert got me to one side and asked earnestly, "Gramma, do you really think we will ever see Grandpa again?" I said, "Yes, I am as sure of it as I am of my own life this minute."

After I had said it, I realized how much I had grown; how much my general level of faith had become a living reality to me. There is nothing like trying to tell it to others to teach it to yourself.

Before the end of the year came, I went over the material I had been collecting and started to classify the stories from life according to questions I had been asking or the subject matter into which they fell. Let the following speak for themselves:

Stories from life:

THE MAN WHOSE BROTHER WAS WAITING

A man, gravely ill, had almost passed over several times. Surrounded by members of his family, one of his daughters, known as "rather strong-minded and bossy," continued to pray for her father to be kept on earth.

The father was unhappy about that and said, "Now, daughter, I am ready to meet my Maker. I *want* to go. Don't pray for me any more. I'll hold you responsible for it, if you do. Let me go!"

The daughter left the room in tears. Those who remained said the dying man quieted down, seemed very peaceful. After a short while he half rose from the bed, his eyes wide with surprise and delight and cried out, "Sidney! Sidney!" and fell back on the bed. "And death came a moment or so after."

Sidney was the name of the man's youngest brother who had died more than forty years before.

THE DOOR THAT WOULDN'T STAY CLOSED,
AND THE DREAM OF THE HEADLESS SHEEP

The lady who told me this story is a lifelong Christian, a woman of absolute integrity whom I have known for more than fifteen years.

She lived in the country, on a farm. Her first husband died, leaving her with several small children, one a boy a year old. She married again. The stepfather and the boy loved each other very much. They were a happy, hard-working family. One summer the lady began to have a strange dream that was repeated many times. The family would all be in the car, going down a country road. They would come to a stream of "angry, muddy water," and while driving through it, the car would be upset, all thrown into the water. There always was a wild scramble to save themselves. Everyone but that young boy, who was then about three and a half years old, was saved. Each time in the dream, the boy was lost and never found.

Then one day the boy, seeming in perfect health and happiness, said to his mother, "Mamma, dress me up in my pretty new clothes. I want to be happy." He had just received the new clothes and shoes and was pleased with them. She did dress him up. He played around in the house awhile, seemed very happy, and then asked to be put to bed, complaining that he did not feel well. His mother put him to bed and the child grew worse and she called a doctor.

For the next few days she said she "felt dreadful; every

wind was a whine of lonesomeness. We had a big heavy front door which we always kept closed. It had a regular spring latch on it. Again and again that door would make a clicking sound, the latch would give and the door would slowly swing open with a sad whan-n-ng that just about tore my heart out." The child grew worse as the days went on.

"And then one night I dreamed that I was sitting in the boy's bedroom where he lay sick and I saw something white there near the middle of the room. It looked like a sheep without a head or a tail. I did not want it there. It scared me terribly. In my dream I went and got the broom and tried to drive it out of the house. But I realized I had no power over it. It would not move. I gave up trying. I awoke, crying."

A few days later they told her the child was dying. This lady, her husband, the stepfather of the boy, and other adults were all in the room together. They had pulled the boy's bed out into the center of the room and sat around it. The boy seemed to be unconscious of those in the room, but he seemed to be very conscious of something else. He was looking up. He pointed with his finger and never took his eyes off whatever it was he saw. "He was weak from the fever, but he held that little hand up and pointed with one finger, saying 'Papa . . . Papa . . . Papa . . .' over and over until the breath had gone out of him; he was dead. We did not know whether he was seeing his own father from another world, or whether he was seeing something else and was trying to tell his step-

father whom he loved and called Papa, but he kept on calling to the last."

The mother of the child knew nothing of the funeral arrangements until it was time for the services. In those days in the country, they held the funeral in the home. When they took her to the room where it was to be held, the same room where the child had died, there, she said, "was the headless sheep without a tail—" a child's white coffin covered with white sheep's wool. "And it stood in the very same spot where I had seen it in my dream when I tried to drive it out with the broom. It looked just the same size and shape of the thing I saw in my dream."

Points that I began to notice as I started to classify my material included that of muddy water dreams. It runs through so many of the stories of premonition dreams concerning death that I feel there is something very real here, in nature, if we could but trace it down. Until I began to collect stories from life, I thought that my own family was the only one who ever had dreams of muddy water. Another point has to do with the large part that love plays in these stories.

THE LAND OF HAPPY PICNIC PARTIES

Mrs. H— was with her father between the time he had the first heart attack which almost took his life and the second one which did. Here again was a case of a very close family tie of love between father and daughter. Her father told her he very much wanted to "go on." During

the first attack he had seen a "land where there were a lot of happy families; they seemed to be having a picnic." He did not go near them, but felt they knew and loved him. The place he saw was "in a valley, in a distance, but not far off. The colors were beautiful." He thought that he would have recognized the people if he could have come closer to them. After that experience he "definitely talked to people on the other side before he finally died."

THE MAN WHO WANTED NO TEARS

A certain man had cancer and had been in the hospital for some time. He knew he would die; the doctors had given him no hope. One day he asked the friend of mine who told me the story—a businessman I have known for years—to please get his wife and the friend's wife out of the room; he wanted to talk about something. The wives dutifully departed.

The cancer patient then told my friend that he very much wanted to go on. "Don't feel sorry for me; be glad! No tears; be glad." He said it over and over. When asked how he felt about going and where, the patient said, "I feel good about it all. No pain. But the doctors keep yanking me back again to life and I get impatient with them. Because I want to go! It is so beautiful over there. I cannot describe it."

When the man did die a few days later after the hospital conference, my friend said, "I felt he was in a wonderful place, better than anything he had found on earth.

And I *was* glad for him. I felt he had told me something he knew for sure. Why shouldn't I be glad if he was?"

That patient was a man who had led the hard life of an alcoholic. But he had reformed and had become what I call a love person. So far as anyone knows, the man did not join a church, nor ask Jesus Christ to save his soul. It may be a simple truth that those who are good people, love persons, do know God, the nature of all good, and so they are positive of good when they pass over. They see beauty, the new land, goodness instead of death. They welcome it. For them it is a happy journey. They are glad to go and think everyone else should be, too. How little we know about the power of love. Yet Jesus Christ called it the highest of the spiritual laws. Maybe if we learn what love is we will have the key to what life is, here and hereafter.

From my research, stories from life, some people do not seem to know anything about what is happening when they die, or if they do, are unable to let it be known. Stories from doctors and nurses as well as members of the family seem to verify this point. It may be that some do not "see death," and others do. Those who lose consciousness "see death." This state of unconsciousness may last for quite a while after passing, according to stories of the beloved dead who appeared again.

By the time 1961 ended I felt I had learned more in the past few months than I had learned in years.

CHAPTER

8

As It Is on Earth

Love always remembers . . . dreams are for teaching . . . bread
from a stranger . . . Souls on fire . . . the stairs led up . . .
higher ground . . . fallow field . . . tears without cause . . .
Nature hates a vacuum.

*"The most powerful weapon on earth is the human soul
on fire."*

MARSHAL FOCH

January, 1962, and nearly all of the million people who had come to Pasadena to see the Rose Parade and the Rose Bowl game had gone home. Then it was the thirteenth of February, Herbert's and my wedding anniversary date. As the day drew near I had wondered more and more if Herbert would remember. Each year on our date he had written a card and poem to me and had it on my desk when I went into my office. Some of the ideas were repeated each year. One, that he prayed we would have eternity together. Alone that day of 1962, I got out the cards of the years and read them through. One of them,

"Just to Tell You I Love You," had become his first song put to music. Herbert was incurably romantic which was, of course, the joy of my life with him. On earth, people change. Would he remember in another world? I was listening for some message all day the thirteenth. None came. But one night shortly after our day I had the following dream:

As always, I was in the dream without any preliminaries. I was about eighteen years old, and very happy, standing before an open window, singing. Outside I could see nothing but a field of blue like a boiling fog, living, moving, beautiful, a brilliant shade I never have seen on earth. In my dreams everything seems to be aware of me as I am aware of it. In this dream, the moving blue field was aware of me. I was practicing my singing lesson and had been at it some time when the dream opened. I was trying to please my teacher who, unseen, was back of me, expecting me to do better on each note. As I sang, the notes, or tones, went out from my mouth in little lopsided bubbles in rainbow colors.

The longer I tried, the more rounded and larger the bubbles became until they were the size of cherries. Finally I sang one note that was a perfect sphere. It went out from my mouth, out into that moving, restless, living blue beyond. Like all the others before it, this one hit into the blue and broke into hundreds of pieces. It was like a violent explosion. In my dream I knew that the movement of the explosion was what made the sound heard. That was the only perfect note so far. Wild with

delight of accomplishment, I was happier in the dream than I ever had been in my whole life.

"Oh," I cried, "I sang a perfect note! I shall know the rest of my life that I can sing a perfect note any time I want to!"

The happiness was not complete until my teacher shared it and approved. So I turned around and then discovered my teacher was Herbert. But not as I had last known him in life. He was about thirty-five years old in the dream. Herbert, my teacher, was delighted with my success, predicted a great singing career for me, his student, but obviously expected me to do better. He said I would have to study and give up all else. He was worried that I would not. Thoughtfully pulling his chin with thumb and forefinger, as he so often did in life, he said, "Sometimes I think I almost remember you. Sometimes it seems we have known each other for ages past."

In life we often said we had a brother-sister relationship as well as that of a happy husband and wife. Herbert's sister Florence once said, "Stella, you seem more like a sister than a sister-in-law." I felt the same about her. We three often spoke of our family resemblance.

In the dream I knew Herbert and I were not married and would not be. We had no romantic ideas about each other. But in the dream there stood another man, a stranger, in the background. I knew he had come to hear me sing because he loved me and feared that I would become so involved in singing that I would not marry him. In the

dream I felt certain that we would marry. This knowledge made me happy.

Then that part of the dream ended and another sequence took over. Herbert and I, as I had known him in life, were alone, walking down a street. As always, everything was in beautiful colors and bright where we walked, as though we walked in a spotlight which moved as we did, the colors shading into dark obscurity in the near background.

As we walked in the dream, I began to weep. Herbert talked to me as to a child, patted my hand. "Honey dear," he said, "do not cry. Everyone has many loves and many learnings. But," and his voice brightened, "we will be together in eternity as long as we want to be. God has answered our prayers—eternity together." In the dream I knew it was so.

I woke up sobbing. After that, many thoughts came as before, in dictation. Peace came, and a deeper realization that God is a God of love, wisdom, power, beyond our present ability to understand. I felt: We can never be disappointed in God, all that He is and means to us; but God often must be disappointed in us, His created beings.

May twenty-eighth, and my new book, *How to Analyze and Overcome Your Fears*, was on the market, and I was on the spot from my first lecture on through the season. Many who had read the book came to hear me lecture with questions of their own. Whereas I had been asking questions of others, I now was to be asked them in person, by phone and letter.

The questions began the night of my first lecture, which was at the First Church of Religious Science in Pasadena, sponsored by Dr. Craig Carter, minister. After the lecture the people lined up to shake hands with me—a part of the program that I always like, for often one glance that a person gives me tells me a great deal about him—and since those who are seeking truth are the most alert people in town, they feed and restore my soul with their happiness, their remarks about my lecture, the look in their eyes. That night, while shaking hands with those passing before me, I noticed a man back in the line. “He’s old in calendar years, but very young in spirit,” I thought.

When the man shook hands with me, he said, “This is the first time I have heard you lecture, Mrs. Mann. But I have all six of your books.” He spoke with a decided British accent. Before I could make an appropriate remark, he added, “Have you ever been in Rome?”

“No, sir,” I said. “But it is on my list. I’d love to go.”

“Be sure to read a lot about the persecution of the early Christians. And visit the Catacombs,” he said.

“Yes, I shall,” I said.

The light of happy expectancy died from his eyes. His smile was that of an adult to a child. I felt that I somehow had disappointed him and concluded it had to do with my lecture. He hadn’t said he liked it. He had read all six of my books. Then my lecture or personality had not lived up to what he had expected. Others were waiting in line and the gentleman moved on.

A few days later I was alone in the house. I had just

washed my hair and was walking down the driveway to the garden in the rear to let it dry in the sun, when I heard footsteps behind me and turned. There came the man I had thought of as Mr. B—because of his British accent—with a copy of my book *How to Live in the Circle of Prayer* in his hand. Startled, I said, "Why, sir, what brings you here?"

"You," he replied and laughed at my embarrassment.

"Why?" I asked, aware that I was showing my displeasure. I never see people without appointments. I do not like people who trespass on the privacy of others.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked, his mood changing.

"You were at the lecture the other night," I said.

Again his mood changed. He was disappointed. "I hoped you would autograph your book for me," he said, "and I'd like to make a comment about Point Twelve in your circle."

How can an author refuse to autograph a customer's book? So I invited him into my office and asked, "Shall I inscribe it to you, sir?" which meant of course that I'd need his name if I was to do so.

"No, no," he said. "Whatever you want to say and your name."

I wrote: "Welcome to my circle of prayer," and signed my name.

He thanked me and opened the book to the chart of the circle and said, "Carry your circle farther, Stella. Twelve is the point of rest. Carry it farther."

My students do not call me by my first name and I do not like strangers to do so. Again I was aware that my displeasure was showing.

"I am sorry I offended you by using your first name," he said. "It is just that I have known several Stellas in times past."

"Do you mean to say that you have known *me* in past lives and that my name was Stella then as now?" I asked, for that is what his manner implied. I am blunt and deal directly. I don't know how to play games or as moderns say, "play it cool."

"It would be unfair of me and harmful to you to try to force your memory," he said gravely. "But do think about the circle. Lifetime on earth is just one arc of the total circle. We do go from earth to a point of rest," he said.

There was more talk along that line and he went away. By the time my hair was dry, I had come to the conclusion that the man had come in answer to some of my questions. I had been hungry for truth. I had received bread from a stranger and had not been very grateful. "If I ever see him again, I'll apologize," I promised my Soul and dismissed the whole thing from my mind. I had a lecture to give that night.

The questions increased. From Santa Barbara to San Diego those who had not read the book asked, "Do you really believe in life after death?" Those who had read it asked, "What do you think of reincarnation?" In the Fundamentalist churches they asked, "What must we do to be saved?" But in the New Thought churches they

asked about the nature of Life itself, the nature of God, the nature of man; more pointedly, about the powers of man and how best to use them for the abundant life on earth.

The subject of reincarnation came up more often than any other. The members of the congregation not only asked questions, they shared their views with me and the audience during the question-answer period after the lecture. One man said in effect:

"Few intelligent Christians can any longer believe that heaven is just a small City bounded by gates studded with pearls and other precious stones. Who would want to walk on sidewalks of gold on a hot day? The dimensions of the City as given in the Bible wouldn't allow for breathing room, let alone standing room to accommodate all the Christians who died in one year, to say nothing of nearly two thousand years. To suppose that a mere handful are saved is ignorance, egotism and a not too well-disguised desire for punishment."

In July, I attended the International New Thought Alliance Congress in Los Angeles. There I met some of the most forward-thinking people in the world, for members attend from all parts of our country and from foreign countries as well. The very name of our organization (I am a member) indicates our interest and purpose. Ours is called the "Truth Movement," for our search is for truth, fact found out, things as they really are, in science and religion and study to see how they prove each other. Our movement is built on the premise that every man does

have the same potential power that Jesus Christ had and that if a man asks for bread, God does not give him a stone. Further, that to desire bread (or truth) is evidence that it already exists.

Being one of the speakers and also a leader of several assignments of the daily prayer clinic, I attended the Congress nearly every day. Many who had read my book questioned me. Some had a story to tell about life after death, premonition; some stated they accepted the doctrine of reincarnation, others rejected it. But the lectures, classes and the prayer treatments all had to do with the good life as it is on earth. During the Congress we heard thrilling stories of restored health, increased prosperity, personal achievement, new happiness, expanded Soul growth. Again and again we heard the phrase, "greater things shall ye do," as the promise of Christ.

Herbert was much in my mind during the lecture season, for he had always attended my lectures in the past. I often felt that either his presence or his thoughts from above were with me. Then came an experience when I felt sure he was with me.

It happened in San Diego. There, I was to take both the nine-thirty and the eleven o'clock services for the Reverend Chet Castellaw, vacationing minister of the Church of Religious Science. I had been thinking a good deal about Herbert as my friends the Oehlings drove me down—one hundred fifty miles—before breakfast that morning. Herbert once had been on the City Planning Commission in San Diego. Some of his early architectural work

had been done there. We had many friends there. I lectured in a number of churches there. We generally had stopped at the Valencia Hotel in La Jolla, which Herbert had designed and built and which overlooks the ocean at one of the loveliest spots of the Southern California coast.

Yes, Herbert was very much in my heart and mind that morning. The church where I was to lecture was new to me. I never had been there before. Herbert never had seen it either. It is one of those modern split-level buildings that look like almost anything except a church, but beautiful and with an atmosphere of reverence. Being early, I was shown a place to rest and meditate before the first service. It was a charming, colorful room, squeaky-new, complete with pot of black coffee and accessories. There was a very narrow circular stairway and slender hand rail that spiraled sharply up to the floor above to the church sanctuary. While going over my lecture, I began to feel the warmth of love and the presence of Herbert with me in that little room, just as my watch told me it was time to go to work. For a moment I was so shaken by the close presence of Herbert I thought I couldn't go up those steps.

"Honey dear," came Herbert's voice, silent, to my ears, in a tone he had used when he wished to help me or to encourage me, "Honey dear, never be afraid to say what you know. Tell them the truth. The stairs *do* lead up. Tell them about the bridge of life."

That broke the emotional spell. How could he know? He must have meant the little story, "Land Beyond the

Darkness," in my book, the one I was going to lecture on that morning, which had reference to the bridge of life, and that the stairs always lead up—in learning. In life, Herbert had not known about that story. There was no further time to think about it. I turned the questions back to God and to Herbert with love, and went up the steps.

The stairs led up to a wide space behind the great curtain which stretched from one side of the stage to the other—it definitely had the feeling of a theater curtain and stage. Yet when I walked from behind it and faced the congregation, it definitely was a church. The people were wide awake. They were not looking for entertainment. They had come for information, answers to their Souls' questions, instruction, inspiration. I thought, "That light in their faces comes from their Souls on fire, their hunger for truth that will set them free; that will yet set the whole world of mankind free, just as the Prophet foresaw the coming and the teachings of Jesus Christ—as it is in heaven so shall it yet be on earth.

Their rain of questions fell all that dry hot summer. Fall, with bright blue weather, came in from the Mojave Desert, over the Sierra Madre Mountains, and sunned itself out in the broad San Gabriel Valley and gave way to November, and still the questions came. The ginkgo tree put on a dress of beaten gold while the Santa Rosa plum broke out in red and yellow satin. The liquid amber tree in front of my office windows outshone them all with scarlet, chrome yellow and soft maroon. There was small time to enjoy my garden, for letters about my book had

increased, lecturing dates were close together and December was almost over before I was well aware that it had come. I was keenly aware that I'd have to do something about all the interest, the deep questions of the people. I felt I had learned more than I had taught that season. Those wonderful people, by their interest, honest and earnest attention and comments, had lifted my own feet to a higher ground of understanding.

And my last lecture was given. "I'm tired," I told my driver going home that night. As every sensible farmer knows, and I come from a long line of farmers on both sides of my house, to get continued good crops you must occasionally let the field lie fallow. Webster says that fallow means "To plow, harrow and break up land without seeding it."

Well, I had been plowed, harrowed and broken up more than once by those questions all summer and fall. Now, I wanted not seed, but rest, and so I went north to San Francisco for Christmas. My farmer heart gloried in the fields wheeling by the train window and the Pacific Ocean which plays beside the tracks for miles. In memory I visited happily with my childhood days, wallowed in family and farm memories. Happy trip. Happy holiday passengers. Happy expectancy of the days ahead, with questions on paper and in mind. Some, I wanted to ask my cousin Bertha. Our fathers were brothers. I wanted to get the straight of what Uncle Henry used to say about his dreams of muddy water. Dreams of muddy water had come up again and again in the stories I had been collect-

ing and had played a part in our family history as far back as I could remember.

After a long, hard year I had a nostalgic longing to touch once again the footstool that had been in a dentist's office and which Abraham Lincoln had used when he went to the dentist. The stool had been in Bertha's home all our childhood. We scuffed it, stood on it, played horse with it. Of sturdy wood, Bertha has rubbed, waxed, polished it for the treasure it is.

There were questions I wanted to ask my cousin Wanda who had invited Bertha and me to her home in Orland for Christmas. On my last visit with Aunt Harriet in September of 1961, some of my questions had not been answered. What had her mother said about those points in my mind?

San Francisco always is an exciting city to me and seems especially festive at Christmas. That trip, the magic did not go on. I found myself walking along with the happy Christmas crowds, weeping without cause. None that I could name. Christmas Eve day Bertha drove us up to Wanda's modern home deep in the country with great live oak trees more than a hundred years old in the fields nearby. The many-hours-long trip through lands rich with promise was a delight, but even so I was aware of hidden sadness. When we arrived at Wanda's in the late afternoon, the kitchen looked like a food store warehouse and smelled like Christmas.

What better place for Christmas Eve than in the country on a cold, crisp night, with bright stars overhead, and

a fire in the great fireplace inside. I left my bedroom door open all night to enjoy the glow in the hall and on the walls. While the household sweetly slept inside and out in their trailer home, driven up for the holidays, I fell to weeping again. I had not felt that way since Herbert had gone. I felt that someone I had deeply loved had just died. But "Joy cometh in the morning" to the heart that turns to God for help and guidance in the dark of the night. And so the next day was perfect. Timothy, one of Wanda's grandsons, about nine months old, and I discovered we were made for each other. He was fretful with a cold and I needed to hold love in my arms. Wanda brought out Aunt Harriet's old rocking chair and Timothy and I were content to let the others cook the turkey, get the dinner on the table, take the presents off the tree and snap the pictures. I felt that the very spirit of Christ was there that day in the presence of all those happy, loving people.

Home, there was no time to think of my unexplained dip into sorrow. I was going to try to do two years' writing assignments in one year and still find time to go home to southern Illinois for Thanksgiving.

"Nature hates a vacuum," I have told my students for years. "Keep busy and you will keep happy," I said. And, "The Lord loves a cheerful doer." Well, I had plenty to do. But I was not cheerful. I knew what was wrong. I know a tiger when I see one.

CHAPTER

9

Tiger on My Path

Endless rope . . . trumpets sounded on the other side . . .
mountain moving man . . . tears from east of my garden . . .
steps in the sun . . . jets are for flying . . . curve in the road
. . . time is a swift river.

"Thoughts, like sensations and feelings, are attributes of Cosmos. For what else can they be? A combination of atoms can not of itself give rise to a human thought. If we admit the cosmical nature of thoughts, we begin to realize the origin of ideas, which is the same as that of the ova genes, which came to earth and determined the development of organic life. . . ."

"We have said that thoughts can be transmitted from one individual to another (telepathy) and there is then no logical reason why they cannot be transmitted from an individual to the Soul of the Universe and from the Soul of the Universe to an individual (inspiration)."

The Soul of the Universe
DR. GUSTAF STROMBERG

(In the quotations above, the special emphasis, indicated by roman type, and the parentheses are Dr. Stromberg's.)

Looking back in memory and going over my notes of that time, I am led to believe that there was a well-organized plan by my Project Manager which took me step by step into an *experiment with time* during the summer of 1963. My search for answers to my questions had become more intense as time went on since I first took a stand that day as related in Chapter Three. But I did not realize there was a connection to the scattered events as they occurred. Things started out simply enough. Early in January I began to think of something my son-in-law Robert once said to me:

“The trouble with death is there is too much confusion about the conclusion.”

This is true of all life, of course; lack of a conclusion means you still are in a state of confusion. Specifically, this thought of Robert's continued to come and to direct my mind to the grocery box under my desk, filled with those stories from life and the answers to my questions that had been pouring in ever since I had started to ask. On going through them I found a great deal of material which seemed to me to show extrasensory perception, mental telepathy, the power to heal others, to find hidden or lost things, to “see” what was happening at a distance, Divine guidance, besides all that had to do with premonitions of death, visits from those who had died, and many other interesting facts about those whom I had questioned. All put together it indicated that there is more to a man than any man has yet discovered about himself.

And that if one individual had such powers, all had them in potential.

Now what? I had pretty well classified the collection. What was I going to do with it? The proof of life after death was a rope without an end. Each incident uncovered led farther along in the same direction. So why follow that rope any farther? And still I could not decide just to throw it all away, including my experiences concerning Herbert.

Then one January night my daughter came to get a lug of ripe tangerines from my tree. (We do not say peck or bushel in California. A lug is a box holding about thirty pounds.) When our visit was over, Estel gave a final poke at the oak log in the fireplace, settled herself in a chair in front of me and said, "Okay, Mommy, what gives?"

"There's a tiger on my path," I confessed.

Although I can meander in my thinking like a cow in a pleasant pasture, my daughter is blessedly swift in her thinking and talking. Her thoughts arrange themselves in order like soldiers under command.

"Well," she said, jumped up, dashed into my office, snatched one of my books from a shelf and marched back and stood before me. "Here," flipping the pages expertly, "it says right here what to do about tigers." Then she read aloud from my book *How to Use the Power of Your Word*:

"There's a saber-toothed tiger out here,
Get ready to fight or to flee,
Said the cave man of old,

But I am more bold,
I bring him in and we both have tea."

She then closed the book and stood looking down at me as if the whole problem had now been solved. The thing about teaching one's children is that when they learn and start to teach it back to you they are a better teacher than you were and twice as firm and unyielding.

A tiger is an unsolved problem. To have tea with your tiger is to come to a decision as to the best way to solve the problem. So long as you are eating away at the problem, the tiger cannot eat you. Indecision on a matter of grave importance can become a man-eating tiger. That is the kind I faced: whether to throw away all that material I had been collecting, or to use it, and if so, how much? My daughter advised me to solve the problem at once, then went her way. A few days later I called on a friend high in church circles whose opinion I greatly valued and put the question to him, after relating some of the incidents that had occurred.

"Don't," he said. "People are not ready for such far-out thoughts. Keep on writing the kind of books you have been doing. People would just say it was a widow's grief." And much more. I came home more disturbed and undecided than before I had gone to him.

My tiger began to grow hungry. Then one rainy morning my friend Marc Wiweke invited me to again go with him to visit his mother in Palm Springs. Marc, educated to be an attorney, does not practice law. He sells automobiles. He belongs to that group of people who spend more time in

learning than they do in earning. We both attend a chorus singing class at night high school. He has all of my books, has attended many of my lectures and knows me very well. That morning something kept saying to me, "Talk it over with Marc."

So for the first time I told Marc about some of my experiences concerning Herbert as given in previous chapters of this book. For the first time Marc told me some of his own experiences. I introduced him to my tiger just as we, having outrun the rain, topped the high pass from which the desert can be seen for miles and miles below. There it lay, shimmering in the sun, a peaceful world of blues, greens, tans, browns and pinks of strange and pleasing shapes and shadows. As we raced down into the lowland, headed for the floor of the desert, I told Marc about the "Song of the Sun" which comes to me when I am in a plane wrapped in a self-imposed silence, or when I am on the desert and can be utterly alone. I have long felt that Jesus Christ had some specific reason for going into the desert or wilderness to be alone to pray. For me it seems to be the silence, the awe of spaces and atmosphere free of human thought.

As we pulled up in front of Country Manor, Marc said, "About that tiger, come down to Palm Springs and spend a week alone and you'll know what to do. As for your high churchman, I'd say he was an unworthy advisor."

Then Marc's mother Gene and her friend Allie Mae who together own the motel-hotel came out in bright, tight Capri pants and blouses as pink and orchid as the

flowers of a desert spring to greet us. We had a grand time singing, visiting, swimming in the pool, gazing up at the assortment of mountains practically in the front yard—but not a single thought came about my problem. Once again I had proved that to eat a tiger you must face him alone. As the weeks went on I kept up with my work schedule, but at no time was I free from the sniffing tiger at my heels. Until one morning I awoke singing Herbert's song to me, "Just to tell you I love you," and realized that it was April the nineteenth, and that Herbert had been gone two full years. I felt lighter, happier for him and for myself than ever before since his going. It seemed to me he had graduated, or gone on to a higher plane, or achieved some great good, the result of his own effort. I had the feeling that trumpets had sounded for him on the other side. Whatever it was that had made him unhappy before had gone, and gone forever, I felt. After that day events began to take a definite shape in my affairs.

In May, the *Guidepost* magazine with my story about life after death came out and soon a flood of letters about it came to me. In May, my son John, whose itching heel had got the better of him again, had signed up as Purser with the American President Lines; he came into Los Angeles harbor on the S.S. *President Roosevelt*. I went down one afternoon and during some moments alone between touring the ship and getting pictures of John in his new uniform, I had the following experience:

There seemed to be an unseen Teacher very close to me, or directing thoughts to me, trying to tell me about

the reality of water and consciousness; that there was a way for man to *use his mind*, the power of his thought and spoken command to dispel a fog, that Jesus Christ had been right about the power of man to remove a mountain. But the law—

The “dictation” had been coming to me as I stood alone on the deck watching harbor traffic, fascinated by the movement of water, ships, people, colors, *life at work*, completely at peace in body, mind and spirit. Then interruptions came, people approaching, much disturbance which shattered the thoughts like a brick through a window. Later in the afternoon when I was alone again, taking three-D color pictures, walking along the wide pier where a whole string of ships including freighters were tied up, being loaded, the dictation came again.

I had been thinking about the words on the sympathy card that had come about Herbert: about the departing one being like a ship putting out to sea. Those from where she departs say, “There, she’s gone!” when it is out of sight. But from the arrival side there is the glad cry of “Here she comes!” Again, I was very quiet in mind and spirit. The Voice said: “We know they are coming before they do. We go to meet them.” Again disturbance broke the spell and I walked on, taking pictures of the ships and of the men swarming over them. I felt certain that there was an Onlooker to all this; One who knew every thought, desire, hurt, and happiness of each person. “No one dies alone,” the Voice had told me once before. Now I felt that no one ever is alone at any time in his life on earth;

that man, the individual, is so Precious to God that help and protection are provided every second, but at no time is the free will of man usurped.

John came home for the night, and I drove him back to the harbor the next morning. The ship would sail at four with a load of happy tourists bound for Honolulu and the Orient. On my way home alone the thought "Strait is the gate" continued to come to me, but it did not make sense. Home, I looked it up in the Bible. "Strait is the gate: and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (St. Matthew 7:14.) Still puzzled, I looked it up in Webster. *Strait* means, "A passageway connecting two large bodies of water." As I read it the thought came, "The passage between the consciousness of earth life and life on the other side. Few do find it alone. Most must have help. Those who can find it alone are encouraged to do so."

Then one night in July I had another experience to which I did not give sufficient respect at the time. I had invited Marc for dinner in the patio. We sat down about dark with the floodlights on in the garden. As we started to eat I had a feeling of sadness, not my own, that came to me from somewhere. I looked out over the garden through the citrus trees, toward the east and said aloud, "Pearl—Pearl, what is the matter, sister? What are you crying about?"

"And then," Marc reported to me later, "you turned and looked back at me and seemed to be very much embarrassed. You said, 'I thought my sister Pearl was in

trouble and wanted me to come. It seemed as if she were calling me. But that could not be. It is just my imagination.' "

A few days later, on a Friday, a letter came from my sister Ina in southern Illinois, followed by her telephone call that night, saying our oldest sister Pearl had gone into the hospital for surgery. "If you want to see her again, Stella, you'd better come. I don't think she's going to make it."

Pearl had written me about surgery scheduled for her early in September, but she expected to cook the Thanksgiving turkey when I got there in November. Pearl, with six married children and nineteen grandchildren, was the strongest member of our family and the busiest. But Ina's voice held a deep worry, a conviction. And I had felt Pearl's tears a few nights before. I was conscience-stricken for not having phoned right then. If I was to go, it would have to be before Pearl passed away, if she was to pass, I decided. But how could I know which it would be for Pearl? If she was not to pass, I would not go, but wait until November after my lectures for September and October had been given.

I had come to believe that there had been a Project Manager in charge of Herbert's Home Going and if for him, then for Pearl. How could I get in touch with Pearl's Holy Helper, who would *know for sure* whether Pearl was to go or not? Would I have time to get there?

Saturday morning at five o'clock I began to read and think through the laws of mind as psychology gives them.

I settled on the following, which are greatly simplified, as applying to my problem.

1. The unconscious will give us what we need to think through a stimulus-situation, if it is powerful enough. Deep feeling, or emotions, help tremendously. My subconscious or unconscious must be connected with the All-Mind which Stromberg and other scientists make so plain. In this Mind there must also be the Mind of the Project Manager I wanted to contact.

2. My desire was clear: I wanted to know for sure whether my sister Pearl would pass on, and if so, when. My motive was right: I did not want to pray for her recovery without her knowledge and consent, for that would be trespass. My feeling was deep, almost overwhelming.

3. All power travels in a circle. There had to be a way for the greater to flow down into the lesser, as electricity does. My deep desire should be means enough to open whatever channel was needed, as we turn an electric switch to let the power flow through. We do not have to make the power.

4. The unconscious in many ways acts like a person. The ancients called it the Lord, or the law of love. They said, "The law is a person." Well then, this Person, this Living Law, could give me the information I had to have.

In the early afternoon I was fatigued with the struggle, doubtless from trying too hard to use my conscious mind, which could not know and could not handle the problem, of course, and so went to my bedroom to rest and think.

Lying quietly on my bed, relaxed, comfortable, I again

looked at my desire to know. All psychologists agree that a clear picture of one's goal sets up a very strong power of drawing it to you. None seems to know, or at least to agree on how this takes place, but all say that it does. Even to strongly picture, to imagine your goal, such as money in the bank, restored health, has a drawing power. All of which I knew, had taught for years, written about in my books. This was different. I was not picturing something I wanted to possess, create or to do. I was not trying to recall anything from my unconscious. *I wanted information from the future.*

Thomas A. Edison and other great inventors have told how they got information "out of the blue." A field or pool of fact or truth does exist. Jesus was able to see the future. Many of the stories I had collected concerned people who had experienced seeing the future, but it had happened spontaneously. They had not *made* it happen. They had not even been trying to do so.

Turning to religion, I recalled that Jesus Christ had said that not even a sparrow *could* fall without the Father. Did He know of some perfectly natural law such as the electric fields Stromberg speaks of as surrounding all living things, and was this "Father" the All-Mind I was trying to reach? If so, Someone would know about Pearl. Perhaps had known for some time. Earth parents plan far ahead for the birth of an expected child. I kept right on with that stream of thought: *Plans for Pearl must have been made long before.* It takes Mind, directed thoughts and love to make and carry out such plans. I

was on the right track to get an answer; I felt: love, deeply caring about, not trespass, not idle curiosity. Love!

Then it hit me full force: *Pearl* would know! Did she want me to come? That was the key, love in action. I asked in prayer for her Guardian Angel, or Holy Helper, to please tell my sister Pearl that I loved her deeply and that I was ready and willing to come to her *if she wanted me to come* and if she would let me know.

In that idea I reached an all-time high faith and feeling that I *had* received that for which I had asked. It was followed by such a complete relaxing of body, mind and spirit that I fell asleep. Which was nothing unusual. I often take an afternoon nap. Then my answer came.

I still am not clear as to whether I was awake or sleeping, but I saw in my mind (or in a dream) a flight of steps, of cement, bright in the hot, glaring sun. The steps, more than a dozen in number, it seemed, led rather steeply up to a flat place, a kind of porch entrance to a large building. There was a closed door which I could not see clearly. I felt the heat of midday. I heard people weeping. "People are crying," I said aloud. I then was awake or my own words woke me. My next words, and these I did speak aloud after I was awake, were, "I must go home. Sister Pearl wants me to come."

I arose and went out to my office and phoned for plane reservations. After that I called my sister Ina, who told me Pearl was unconscious, gravely ill. The family had been summoned. When I phoned again Sunday afternoon,

Pearl was holding her own, but still unconscious. Jets are fast flying. I was on one headed for St. Louis early Monday morning.

All the way across our nation, high above the rich land, the mountains of white clouds, I thought about the use of my mind that had been made to start me on the journey. The worth, beauty, hurt, the toil and tears, successes and failures that had been planted into it as America worked its way westward struck through my heart with a song of hope for the future. I felt that Someone loves our land and every living Soul in it. If only we as a people could see around the curve in the road of time and make right decisions and so keep America the land of the free and the home of the brave. During my stillness there came a Voice as so often before, silent, to my ears, saying: "By going up higher in consciousness you can see around the curve in the road of time."

Disturbances of people in the plane broke up the dictation. My own thoughts went on:

Could we so train our conscious mind to work with the Soul of the Universe as well as with our own unconscious that we would learn more in a few hours than we have learned by trial and error in hundreds of years? *Did* we have to wait for evolution? It took evolution millions of years to get a wing on a bird. But with the advent of the mind of man, reason, free will, moral conscience at work, it had not taken man long to get a wing on a plane. Did Christ know that man could jump ahead of evolution? Is that why He said "greater things"? Is that why the Old

Testament made so much of the power of thought? Why had Jesus Christ made it so clear: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," unless he spoke of laws of nature and not of caprice or whim? And he had talked in the presence of his disciples to the great men who had died years before. Could we use our own mind to contact those who had gone on, like mental telepathy projects on earth that had been proved to work over and over? And as Stromberg mentioned, contact the Soul of the Universe for whatever information we needed?

There was no time to think further about it then, for below was the mighty Mississippi, looking flat, sluggish, gray and green from the air. I began to tense up; felt sick at my stomach. Time is a swift river. Had it flown too swiftly? There is a place where time is measured only by events. But I was still on planet earth, where we have hours on a clock. Pearl had been unconscious for several days. Was I going to make it?

As we dropped down in a rapid glide into Lambert Field, I eased a little. They knew of my arrival. Someone would meet me. I'd know at once. The Holy Helper knew, but I could not bring myself to ask. There was a firm blump—we were on the ground. The jet journey had ended.

The Journey That Never Ends

Whimper of a child . . . the weeds were beautiful . . . song of sorrow . . . muddy river to cross . . . on the wings of the morning . . . graduation day . . . life is for living . . . unseen river of life . . . without salt or pepper.

"The soul is the 'owner' of the memory, the personality behind it, and we have regarded it as inseparable from the memory genie. If the individual memory is indestructible and eternal, then the soul must also have these properties. There are therefore good reasons for making the following important assertion:

"A soul is indestructible and immortal. As an individual it has a beginning, but seemingly no end."

"The most characteristic thing about the human soul after it has developed a consciousness is its remarkable individuality and integrity. . . ."

"... we have given reasons for the belief that a soul is indestructible, and that its most characteristic property is its capabilities of development . . . furthermore the earthly development of most human souls is far from inspiring. The lack of opportunity from which the majority of people suffer while on earth leads to the hypothesis of a development after death."

The Soul of the Universe
DR. GUSTAF STROMBERG

(In the quotations above, the special emphasis, indicated by roman type, is Dr. Stromberg's.)

The journey by air had ended, and I came down the steps from the air-conditioned plane into the brilliant white sunlight and blast furnace heat of July twenty-ninth, mid-day. I saw Pearl's husband, Frank, and their oldest daughter coming toward me as I entered the building from the field. As soon as I was within speaking distance, I asked, "Is Pearl still with us?" Their faces answered "Yes" before their voices could get into action.

A car was waiting to race us over the hot freeway into the city of St. Louis and straight to Barnes Hospital. There members of Pearl's family were waiting as they had been for days, in relays, spelling each other around the clock. Only because I had come from so far and at the family's insistence did they let me into the intensive-care ward where Pearl lay "totally unconscious," they said. I believed she had wanted me to come. I remembered how it had been with Herbert; he had heard and understood even when he was unconscious.

Standing close beside Pearl's bed while a devoted nurse stood protectingly and I think prayerfully near, I placed my hand on Pearl's forehead and talked to her in a firm voice, telling her over and over, "Pearl, you know me, I am sister Stella. I have come from California to tell you I love you."

After repeating this several times, I felt a response in Pearl's body, but no words came, only the terrible labored breathing. I continued: "I love you. Your husband loves you. Your children love you. The Lord loves you." Presently Pearl began to whimper like a child trying not to

cry. But no conscious word or sign came; her eyes remained closed. I felt she knew I was there. And went away to let her rest.

In the late afternoon Pearl's son Dr. Frank Adams came, bringing other members of the family who would stay the night and take us home. On the seventy-five-mile drive down to our town, through the Illinois countryside, the others excused me from talking. I was very tired. But I listened to their talk about Pearl's medical history. They all expected her to recover. The tall weeds beside the road were a rank, wild growth, lush from summer rains, but beautiful. "Everything God made is good and beautiful," I thought. "Even death is beautiful, for beauty results when the parts are rightly related to the whole. Mother Nature is an artist as well as a mechanic," I thought, and was comforted.

Just before supper Frank took me for a little walk on part of the high school grounds across the street from their home.

"Seems like a long time since you went to school here, Stella," he said.

Pearl had married Frank when she was only seventeen years old. Frank had been my brother-in-law for more than fifty years. He would not mind if I did not answer him. I couldn't. For suddenly I heard a sound I had not heard since leaving home to go to college out West—the singing, lonesome song of the dry flies in the tall old elms which recalled a family story.

My brother Homer, who was a young child, died in

July of the year I was born in October. Mother had told us of how she used to hear the dry flies "Singing up tears for trouble, and I knew little Homer never would get well." All her life the sound of the dry flies sorrowed Mother. Well, it was July again, and quite a lot of years had gone over the face of the earth since the brother I never saw died, and a good many since Mother had left it.

As we walked silently back to the house, the sound of the dry flies rasping their lonely heere heere heere heerrrrr, I recalled other incidents of our childhood which indicated Mother was deeply psychic. Her faith in the Lord was such that she believed dying was merely going through a door into a beautiful room where the Lord would, in Person, be waiting for her. Sister Pearl felt about the same.

I was glad again that I never had disturbed them with my own beliefs. Few members of my family have read my books. Walking home as the sun coppered the sky and blackened the trees, I thought I had come a long way since my early childhood. For I was born thinking that God was a Methodist and that my mother was one of his most important teachers. I still think she was one of his most important teachers.

Right after supper my sister Ina came to take me to her home where she, a widow, lives alone and where I would stay. As soon as I was comfortably settled in her friendly, orderly, high-ceilinged home, cool with a fan going in every room, I said, "Now, Ina, tell me why you think Pearl is going to leave us."

"Two things," she said. "First, I think Pearl knows she is going and next, because of the dream I had." She told me the first part first:

"The day Pearl was to go up to the hospital I was downtown and bought her a pretty blue nightgown. I went out of that store into another and there was Pearl, shopping. She was up all the time, you know—we didn't think of her as being sick—before she went to the hospital. I gave her the package and told her she would look pretty sitting up in bed getting well. Pearl was pleased, thanked me and opened the package and took out the gown and held it up to her to show me it would fit. She laughed and talked a moment, then as I started to go, I turned and looked back. Pearl was waving good-by to me and calling, 'By-by, Ina.' I felt so sad. Pearl smiled at me in such a strange way. I felt that she knew she'd never see me again. I went home and cried."

Ina said she had not gone to the hospital to see Pearl. She then told me her dream:

"One night right after Pearl went to the hospital I had a dream about her. Pearl was with me in my car. I was driving and we had come to a big wide river. The water was muddy, running swiftly. I said, 'Pearl, I am afraid to try to cross that river. The car will be carried away. The water will go over us.' But Pearl just laughed and said, 'Go on, Ina, don't be afraid. Just head right into it.'

"But I still was afraid. Pearl said, 'We *have* to go through it in order to get home.' As she said that I knew it was true, that there was no other way for us to get home

except to cross that river. So I drove right into it. I had a terrible time driving in that water. I was so busy with the car that I paid no attention to Pearl. When I drove out on the other bank, I turned to speak to Pearl. She was not there."

I did not tell Ina about my experience in the patio of hearing Pearl cry (in my imagination) or of the cement steps vision or dream. I just told her I had a feeling Pearl would not make it and that I would be glad the rest of my life I had come, for I was convinced Pearl had known I was there even though she could make no real response.

We went to bed early. I did not stay awake long listening to the mournful dry flies in the tall old maples outside, nor to the whirring fan in my bedroom. I awoke the next morning with a sense of sadness. In a little while the phone rang. Sister Pearl had taken the next lap in the *Journey That Never Ends*. She had gone home to the Lord, on the wings of the morning, happy and now out of all pain.

"Pearl was right, I did not see her again," Ina observed. "But how did she know? I am just as sure as can be that she did know that day in the store. There was something in her eyes, in the way she laughed and waved me good-by. She *knew*. But how? Will we know too, Sister, when our time comes?"

"Yes," I said. "I think we will. And that we will be glad to go."

The moment word came that Sister Pearl had died, an army of people went into action. I was a surprised specta-

tor of the project, amazed at how far and fast events moved. People would come from Florida, Chicago, Kentucky, Missouri and from all over southern Illinois. I was taken to visit my sister Fredia the day Pearl died. It would be my only chance. Right after the funeral, set for several days ahead, Ina and I would go to Paducah with her daughter Sally and family.

Fredia is the baby of our family. On the way to her home deep in the country, Ina told me some of the history of the place. There before the Civil War, part of the old frame house had been a country store. Fredia and her family had operated it for years. The land lay at a cross-roads, surrounded by fields, trees, green and bright in the hot sun that morning and overhung with peaceful skies of blue. Fredia's red roses throwing out perfume on the still, hot summer air knew nothing of death or sadness.

Alone all day, Fredia and I talked about family history, events of life and death, and Mother's many psychic experiences.

"Do you think Pearl knew she was going to die?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," Fredia answered without hesitation. "I think she knew it quite awhile back. Toward the last, she went around giving things to each of us saying, 'I wanted you to have this.' She brought me a glass jar of sea shells. 'I wanted you to have this, Fredia,' she said. 'I picked them up with my own hands on the beaches of California and Florida.'"

When Fredia's husband came home from work that

afternoon, others came and they all took me back to Ina's. There Pearl's son Frank and his wife Mary came to acquaint us with the plans for the funeral and to ask Ina and me to be hostesses, represent the family at the funeral home. This is an old American custom I had forgotten, still in use in our small town—visitation with the dead. I was totally unprepared for the task.

With the loved one in the open coffin, friends and relatives come to pay their respects, visit the family and each other. They view the flowers, read the name cards; check up on whether their flowers are there, visit an hour or so and depart. It is subdued, reverent; it is religion, love, but it is not all grief. Laughter is heard now and then, for sheer relief, perhaps. But natural. For there, old friends meet who have not seen each other since the last funeral they attended.

When we got out of her car from a parking lot and started up the street, Ina said, "The Walker Funeral Home wasn't here when you were a girl in town. It was the old X—— family mansion, and the Walkers have made it into the loveliest place. We had my husband here and our son Roy and our parents and our brother Clyde."

We had been walking as she talked. We were approaching to our right a two-story home, set high up from the street, truly a mansion. Then I saw the steps—just as we were about to start up them—*exactly as I had seen them in my dream, or vision, in my bedroom in California the Saturday afternoon before*. It gave me a terrible start. There was the flat place, at the top of the steps, and

the wide closed door. As we started up the steps, Ina took my arm. "Do you suddenly feel faint, Sister?" she asked, concerned. "It is just the heat of midday. It is more than a hundred today and the humidity is seventy-five. But inside it is air-conditioned. You'll be glad you wore your hat and gloves and that little jacket."

"I'm all right," I said, though my legs felt like cooked spaghetti. "In California our summer heat is dry. It's just the heat."

Ina was not eased about me. She held tightly to my arm as we slowly climbed those cement steps, bright in the sun. "We have to do it, you know," she said, still worried.

"I'm glad they asked me. It is an honor. Thank God I did come home," I said.

Everyone said, "How natural Mrs. Adams looks." They had done her silver hair beautifully, put on her new blue lace dress so recently worn at her granddaughter's wedding. But *Pearl* was not there! There was no life there. This fact somehow enabled me to greet visitors and walk them up to the open coffin, a job I never had done in my whole life before. I could only think of Pearl as having graduated from earth and having gone on a vacation, as being in some far-off land, beautiful beyond our power to imagine. She was now in a land of pure delight, beyond the darkness of fears and mistaken ideas about earth-death.

Then it was all over, the last loving thing we could do. For days we had been living through the world's greatest drama: the desire of the individual to live forever threat-

ened by the "last enemy of man," death—complete annihilation, and no one knowing for sure the final outcome. In any good play heavy drama must give way to a time of comedy relief because it is so in life. Immediately after we were home from the funeral, crowding Ina's home, the tone changed. Life always asserts itself; life is for living, and the children knew it. Their high spirits, reaching comedy, lifted all of us. Ina's son-in-law soon had his family, Ina and me and all our luggage in the big plane and we were high in the air over the green woods and waterways of Illinois, heading for the Tennessee River and Paducah. Piloting his plane with the sureness of long experience, Vance cushioned us down in a matter of minutes to a smooth halt at his airport in Barkley Field in Paducah, where he owns and operates the Ohio Valley Aviation Charter Plane Service.

In a few more minutes Sally had us in her home in Paducah where the children, young life, happy life, took over. The chatter, laughter, normal life, hungry-for-more-of-living life, bright sun, green, green growing things everywhere helped to heal our Souls of our loss.

That night we went up the river on their houseboat, taking friends. From the moment Vance nosed the boat out from the creek where dozens of other craft were rocking gently on the brown water, I was aware of my tiger. Soon we were in the clear water of the Tennessee River proper and as we went on past miles of floating barges, past "little Pittsburgh" of lighted shores and orange flames of the new steel foundries, I remembered all this would

soon end; I would go back to an empty house with a tiger on my front steps, waiting.

Now and then Vance would turn on the large, powerful searchlight and when he did, a river of life came to view—millions of insects in the air over the river, unseen until their tiny bodies reflected the light. Is there, I wondered, another unseen river of life all around us, invisible to our earth eye? Beings with love and intelligence? Morrison said heaven may be “space itself.” And Charles Fillmore, co-founder of the Unity School of Christianity, thought the same thing.

Finally it was Saturday and I had to go home. With the plane ticket in hand bought in Paducah, Vance sent Ina and me home in a tiny June-bug-sized plane with one of his best young pilots. In a few minutes we were hovering over the handkerchief-sized airport in our town, Sparta, Illinois, where Ina’s car baked in the sun.

“Now if you’ll hurry, Granma,” said our pilot en route to Ina’s, “I’ll get you to St. Louis in time for you to grab that earlier plane. There might be a cancellation. Otherwise you’ll not be home before two in the morning, California time. Make an awful long day for you, Granma.”

We hurried. While I changed and packed, Ina plied the pilot with food and iced tea. Then we were back at the airport, the June bug waiting alone on the field, shimmering in the sun.

As we hurried from Ina’s car to the June bug, I thought of the stories she had told me of her experiences about her son Roy since he had died, and of her husband Vern,

who had dropped dead at their place of business. Who could doubt her word? My unworthy advisor at home would, maybe. But I'd as soon doubt the word of God.

We boarded and Ina went back to her car. The June bug blistered down the runway and huffed up its wheels and the air accepted us. Ina stood on the field, her white dress clear against a world of green, and waved as long as I could see her.

Without notice I began to weep hysterically, aloud, with complete abandon. It had burst upon me that Project, Pearl Schellenger Adams, from planet Earth to her Heavenly Home, had been known and planned for away back last Christmas when I was weeping without known cause on the streets of San Francisco. Parts of family stories and Pearl's physical illness history made a pattern. The July night when I had tuned in on her tears, while sitting in my patio in Pasadena, might well have been a genuine call to me; she knew she would go. I must have tuned in on future time, there in San Francisco and again that Saturday afternoon when I saw the steps in the sun. The grief of December was outdone by that of August. If only I had gone back to Pearl sooner.

"Can you use my hankerchief, Granma?" came the calm voice of that nice young pilot from Kentucky, snatching me back to the present, the plane and the green world below us. Crying in public! Not quite, I excused myself; we were alone in a private plane.

"Now you want to come back to see us real soon, Granma," said the pilot as he expertly feathered us down

to Lambert Field. He got me there for the early plane, then left me where I stood in line, hoping there would be a cancellation. No cancellation. I would have several hours' wait. So I went back into the building and there sat the pilot, waiting. Smiling cheerfully, he arose and came up to me.

"Why, I thought you'd be in Paducah by now," I said, surprised.

"Cain't get my plane off the ground. Sent for a mechanic," he explained.

Then I heard Sister Pearl's laughter as clearly and as surely as I ever heard it in my life—she who laughed so much. Then her voice came to me silently (not aloud as her laughter, which had a peculiar quality), silently, but her voice, saying "Stell (she always called me Stell), wouldn't you have been in an awful mess if the plane had quit right over the Mississippi!"

Pearl had that kind of sense of humor.

"You all right, Granma?" the pilot asked, looking closely at me.

"I sure am," I said. "Never felt better in my life!"

The mechanic arrived. I sat in the cool waiting room where I could see the field. When life whirled in the June bug, I went out into the searing heat, took off my red straw hat and with it waved the pilot Godspeed. He waved back.

I returned to the waiting room, knowing my hour had come. My tiger, eyes flashing, tail lashing, had cornered me. There was no place to hide; no way to flee. Indecision

is a man-killing tiger. I now must eat him (come to an absolute decision) or be devoured by him; come to a decision or come to a complete standstill in my writing, life, plans for the future. I sat down, wrapped myself in silence in spite of the disturbances all around me and prayed.

The directive I received was that I must come to my decision myself; that God would not usurp my free will and that no man could unless I permitted him to do so. That gave me a clue as to how I must work. I set to it at once.

When I travel, my well-stocked writing case, which includes a Bible, goes with me. It never is checked through. I carry it myself. For years I have depended upon paper and pencil to help me think and to capture my thoughts when they come. Opening my case, I began to write down my thoughts in a process of listening to my Soul. After a long time of struggle, many pages of starts and changes, my final notes made that August night, briefed, were about as follows:

ME: Why *should* I write that book? In this day of strife, of bitterness in America, in our hour of hate, national turmoil and trouble, isn't there something better that I could do with my time and talent? Shouldn't I be working on the books already promised?

MY SOUL: Do you have something to say that you feel ought to be said in that book? If so, what is it?

ME: Yes. It is this: my experiences over the past two and a half years. And among other points, that I am convinced that we couldn't die if we tried, that heaven is a

way station, not the end of a journey; that there is more to a man than any man has yet dreamed; that there is a way for the individual to march far ahead of evolution and . . .

MY SOUL: Then why don't you write that book?

ME: I think it is because I am afraid of what others might think. Like that high churchman who advised me not to do it. They—

MY SOUL: A *Christian* should witness what he knows and has experienced if he honestly feels that it will help others toward a better life here and hereafter, even if he is misunderstood, not believed, not accepted. They? Who are they? They crucified Christ, imprisoned Galileo, put Columbus in chains. They are always in the world. They are the negatives. You are not afraid of people who are afraid of truth. Look again.

ME: I am afraid that I'm not big enough for the job. That is the real reason. The job is bigger than I am.

MY SOUL: A Christian has the *courage* of his convictions if he *has* convictions.

At that point I opened my Bible to the Prophet Isaiah and began to read Chapter Six. The young prophet was troubled. King Uzziah had died and little Israel was in danger of being taken over by the big warring nations. Isaiah had gone into the temple to pray and there he had a vision of the Lord on the throne. Isaiah knew what needed to be done, but he felt unworthy to do it. He felt sinful. (In the original Greek the word *sin* comes from the world of sport—archery; it means “missing the

mark.") But after the seraphim had taken a live coal from the altar and touched it to his lips, Isaiah felt his sins had been purged. He would now know what to say and do and felt able to do it.

Then verse eight of that chapter leaped out at me from the page. There Isaiah says:

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

And he said, Go and tell this people. . . .

The voice of the announcer broke harshly in on my Soul searching, saying it was time to board the plane, flight number — for Los Angeles. I closed my writing case, picked up my handbag and hurried out, convinced that even the little I had to say needed to be said. Hadn't I received all those answers to prayer and to my questions? The least I could do was to write that book. I had eaten my tiger and was unified again, at peace with my Soul and the world. Having so decided, I never once looked back.

CHAPTER

11

The Teachers Wait

Thieves of time . . . arc of a circle . . . return of the stranger
. . . candles in the dark . . . splinter from my heart . . . the
golden ones . . . knock on a closed door . . . still waters . . . for
greater loving.

*"It is not what we believe concerning the immortality
of the soul, or the like, but the universal impulse to be-
lieve, that is the material circumstance, and is the prin-
cipal fact in the history of the globe."*

Essay on Experience

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*"In the final analysis there is only one subject of per-
manent interest, the Soul."*

Men Who Have Walked with God

SHELDON CHENEY

Home from the journey into tears in the East, I brought
more new questions than answers. But also, I had a new
high belief that the answers are waiting for the individual
who cares enough to dare enough to ask and to keep on
asking.

My mind and affairs were now free from tigers. Decision certainly is a tonic for body, mind and spirit. I was ready to work. Every hour was tightly scheduled during the long hot fall. Looking back at my notes of the time, I realize a new page was being turned for me in my lessons in truth. Experiences quite different from former ones began to come. Then I thought it was merely thieves of time that interrupted my working hours. A friend would come for a bag of ripe guavas, which were going to waste, spilling their fragrance over the garden, and stay to tell me of some psychic experience. Neighbors came for lemons, Rangpur limes, or to bring me flowers or a small pie. And stayed to talk. Even strangers came on all sorts of errands and needs and poured out a golden treasure of their experiences into my mind and files.

Presently it began to dawn on me that this flood of information might well be an arc in the circle I had been seeking. The circle of life, I felt, was a continuous one. The missing link from one life experience to another must be the failure of the individual to remember past lifetime experiences. Although I had neither accepted nor rejected the doctrine of reincarnation (that we return to earth to live another life here), there was no doubt in my mind that we do live forever. The only question was, How and where? I was deeply impressed by the findings and reasoning of the advocates of reincarnation and of the kind of people who held those views. And there was my own research, the long list of reputable people who "almost remembered" a past life on earth. I could not dismiss my

own experiences: "I have known this person before." And that I seem to remember another time and place, and events, some of which come back quite clearly, concerning persons I know quite well. In some instances, the longer I am acquainted with these particular individuals, the more clearly those "past events," if they are that, come back to me.

From the first I realized that it was the trend of my own thinking, seeking the missing link which had lifted me up from one level to another, much as one climbs stairs to another floor. Certainly I was being given information without asking for it. Finally I began to record the different experiences and stories that came to me. In the list of new stories many were from people who remembered far back into infancy of their life on earth. This was an entirely new trend in my research and one that I had not asked for in my Soul's questions to God. But I had learned to respect honest information when it came even though I did not know how to connect it with my main research at the time.

One story concerned a young woman of noble character, a devout Christian, married, but who could have no children. She loved children so much and felt she understood them so well that she and her husband have adopted three children. She said she felt strongly about children because she could clearly remember back to her baby days, when she was about a year old. She had a twin brother. "We wore identical print dresses. People coming

to see the babies would ask, 'Which is the boy and which is the girl?' That angered me. I thought they ought to know. I must have developed more rapidly than my brother did, for I wore panties while he still wore diapers. I learned to walk before my brother did. Our sisters, seven and eight years old respectively, used to carry us. When I learned to walk, they refused to carry me any more. We were heavy for them, of course. I was hurt at their refusal and, wanting to find a way to make them carry me again, pretended I could not walk. But they were not fooled. They made me walk.

"We lived in Utah and there were many Indians about. We used to walk down one block, which seemed a very long way to me, to where we watched the Indians with drags, going by. They carried many things on the drags. We were fascinated by it."

As these stories accumulated, I was impressed that all those who remembered back to childhood and infancy were outstanding persons as to nobility of character; they were highly moral, and well-rounded personalities with a well-developed sense of responsibility. Not necessarily well educated, they definitely had an educated heart. Were they "older Souls," I wondered, or simply those who had learned the law of love and lived within in it and so had developed their ability to recall? If it happened to some, then it must be open to all in potential. Perhaps their ability in memory, in clear recall, was a hard-won victory. More and more I was impressed with the im-

portance of the power of love, greatly caring about, deep desire. The Bible statement "Those who love know God" came to my mind repeatedly.

One woman who remembered her days as an infant in her baby bed said she "never was surprised by anything that happened as she began to grow." All her life she had had dreams of being in various places in the United States where to her knowledge she never had lived or been in this earth-life.

My collection of far-back memories includes those of both men and women, old and young, and of two brilliant teen-agers. As these and other stories and experiences continued, I was certain that an entirely new trend had taken over in my journey of questions. More and more I was keenly aware that things were brought to me, presented without my asking.

Then one day the man I have called Mr. B— (with the British accent) returned unannounced to ask me if I had remembered anything of my past lives. I hadn't. Had I read Weatherhead's paper, *The Case for Reincarnation?* I took my copy from my library shelf and showed it to him. Yes, that was the one he had meant.

I explained to Mr. B— about my experiences which I have called receiving information from the "Song of the Sun." "But I'd never try to make things happen," I said. "I fear to do so would be like trying to force a rose bud to open. I'd end up with neither bud nor rose. I do not believe in forced growth. But I do believe in using our known facts as far as we can and in asking questions."

Mr. B— nodded in agreement. But a little sag of his body, change of expression in his eyes and face made me realize that he was deeply disappointed that I still did not remember him.

I related some of the stories of far-back memories to him and said that this may be part of the arc of the circle; that I might yet meet someone who could remember a life before earth-birth. As I said it I had a feeling that I had known the man Mr. B— before. Impulsively, I said, "Sir, am I indebted to you?"

"No, no," he almost spluttered. "*I* was indebted to *you*. In the early days of the Christian era there was much persecution of the Christians, if you recall?"

"I have read," I said, "but I do not recall."

"Soul memories sometimes start with feelings," he explained patiently.

He had not read Stromberg's *Soul of the Universe*. I opened my worn copy and read to him:

"The power of conscious thinking is the highest faculty which has been developed among living beings on earth . . . in addition to conscious reasoning there exists also a certain type of unconscious reasoning in which people think with their 'feelings' and sometimes to an even better advantage."

After more exchange of ideas, Mr. B— went away, still disappointed. I had duly apologized for my behavior at his first call, but he left without giving me his name. I felt certain that he was sure that he had lived several lifetimes on earth and equally sure that in some of them he had

known me. But beyond the feeling of having known him before (but not where or how or when), I had no memory of him. As this is written in June of 1964, I still have no memory of having known the man, but the *feeling* that I knew him before persists.

As my journey into questions proceeded, I began to feel that much of our earth-life is influenced by subconscious or deep Soul memories or feelings of a life before earth-birth. I listened to stories from others who felt the same. I read Weatherhead's book again. I agreed with him that "The Soul may determine the heredity as much as heredity determines the Soul," and also with his statement that: "No one will be able to turn around finally on God and say, 'Life wasn't fair to me. I had an unfair deal. I never had a chance!'"

The hours of September multiplied themselves into days and nights and raced on to become October, as my lectures went on, bringing some entirely new experiences with them. For example:

One night while lecturing in the Church of Religious Science in Glendale, under Dr. Lora Holman, Minister, I had the feeling a certain lady, a former student of mine, whom I had not seen in some years, was in the audience. When she stood before me in the hand-shaking line, she said, "I hope you remember me?" I was able to call her name. She had changed considerably in appearance since I had last seen her. I still do not know what happened but think perhaps she had projected powerful thoughts to me and that somehow I tuned in on them. Distance makes

no difference to the power of telepathy, I recalled, and wondered why we could not easily and readily exchange thoughts with those who have passed on.

Another night during a lecture in that same church, I felt, "A man will win the book tonight." There was a drawing each night and the lucky name-person was given a copy of one of my books. Before my lecture was over I saw in my mind that the book winner was a man of stocky build who wore his gray hair in a crew cut. A man fitting that description, a total stranger to me, did win the book.

Another example:

While lecturing at the El Monte Church of Religious Science under the Reverend Edgar A. Thompson, we outgrew the seating capacity and gave the final lecture on the night of the fifth of November in the auditorium of the El Monte High School. I was on the stage lecturing when the experience occurred.

At first I did not realize what was happening. I thought it was part of the program of which I had not been advised when I first saw little blobs of light here and there in the audience and concluded it came from some kind of lighting somewhere back of me. But presently the blobs were more like a faint glow around certain people. Here and there the lights enlarged in size and brightness like the faint glow of a candlelight which seemed to be back of the person.

I thought that if the auditorium had been completely dark I could have seen the lights better and possibly many

more of them; that the light was indicative of the individual's life force or perhaps his health at the moment. I felt that the lights had to do with the undiscovered powers of man and in some way would lead to proof of life after death. But I do not know. My questions concerning the experience are still on file.

The lecture season over, I had more time to work on the book. Besides the thieves of time, I realized that something else had been holding me back. Then one day late in November, Wilfred Gregson, an architect, and his wife Lillian, who does book reviews, came from Atlanta to attend meetings of the American Registered Architects in Los Angeles. Herbert had served as National Vice President of the organization when Wilfred was President. Close friends of ours, and much in my heart, they called on me.

They came bringing love, news, but their real purpose, I saw, was to check on how I was getting along. Neither had seen me since Herbert's going, but they had talked to me by phone and we had kept in touch by mail. Greg, a craggy kind of man, can sit sprawled, looking relaxed and utterly unconcerned, but this does not deceive me. His mind races like greased lightning. He didn't ask me questions. He only felt them and let them show in his face, and I confessed, yes, there was one splinter still in my heart concerning Herbert. They listened while I told them of Herbert's last moment, his calling, "Please, please," while I rushed from his hospital room the last moment of his life.

When I had finished, Greg said, "Why, Stella, it is plain to me that Herbert was telling you to get the hell out of there and let him die in peace." And much more, including stories of others to back up his points. He used practically the same words my son had said before the funeral. Greg also agreed with John's ideas about the thirty manila folders, so neatly titled in Herbert's precise handwriting. Could it be the Scotch in each of them? I wondered, as Greg went after that splinter with the intent of drawing it out painlessly.

They took me to lunch and brought me back and left. I went into the house alone, feeling utterly at peace about having "deserted" Herbert. The truth came to me forcefully, as if being recited by Someone who knew and cared. Herbert *had* known he was going. He *had* wanted me to stay. But it was only little-boy fear, crying for Mamma to kiss the hurt away, the need for human comfort in the last moment. But I had done the right thing in going away, for later, Herbert had been glad I had not stayed. This sure feeling brought an ineffable calm to my mind. From that hour the book took on new life.

Then it was Christmas at my daughter's, in Santa Ana, a high happiness time for me, going down before and being there for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Next to Easter, Christmas is for me the highest season of the year. A time of examining my heart. Is it like a stable? Could a Christ thought or feeling be born in it? Am I so tuned to the greatness of life, the love of God that I can hear the angels sing?

Home alone Christmas night, I reached a new high in understanding the relationship of God and man. A stream of thoughts, as if a teacher were dictating, came to me about God's need for man. God had more need for man than man could realize at this point of his development. God needed a being something like Himself, a Son, who would grow, develop to the point of understanding and gratitude, finally love his Creator and eventually work directly with Him. In theory, I understood it before. Now, it became as warm, personal, close as relationships in a human family.

Right after Christmas my friend Patricia invited me to go to Palm Springs with her until after New Year's. Patricia has long been one of my prayer partners. Working as a team, we have witnessed many answered prayers for others and for ourselves. At first I felt it was wrong to neglect my book, but a few days later the silent directive "Go!" was so clear and strong I agreed to go.

We went to the Ingleside Inn. For years Patricia had been trying to get me to meet Ruth Hardy, who owns and operates the place. We had decided so late that there was no room for us there. But Mrs. Hardy arranged for quarters for us at the Colony, whose property adjoins hers. So we lived in two places, sleeping at the Colony, having meals at the Ingleside Inn, meeting people in both places.

New Year's Eve, Patricia, who is tall, attractive and dresses up any room she enters, and I were part of the traditional party held for guests at the Inn. There I had an experience concerning people.

It began with the kind of happiness I had felt in the little plane high above the Pacific, en route from Molokai Island to Honolulu. Next, the room where we all were was flooded with the same kind of soft golden light that had filled the little plane. There was music: a man played a guitar; a girl played the piano. We all sang all evening. Nothing new in that. I've loved people all my life and couldn't live a day without music. This was different.

All at once every person there became beautiful to my eyes, regardless of age or personality. The outside person of them, their lives, mistakes, aches, pains, past experiences, unfulfilled desires, or whatever, were erased or dissolved in that glorious light. They all appeared to be made out of gold, without taint or tear or tarnish in them. I loved every blessed one of them, and everyone there except Patricia was a stranger to me. I wanted to tell them, "Your Soul is beautiful!" This experience lasted only a few minutes. But later, when it came time to shout "Happy New Year!" to each other, I did not need the champagne. I was drunk with the wine of life itself—unutterable happiness.

That night, lying awake in my apartment at the Colony, where a small fire still burned in the grate left from a larger fire earlier in the evening, a whole new flood of questions and some answers came to me. And when I slept there came a dream.

In the dream I was standing at an open door which led into a very large room, of artistic and pleasing proportions, pink in color. Down in front of me sat a row of men

and women behind a table, highly polished, glowing in the light of the room. As I walked toward the seated people, they began to smile happily. They were beautiful people, not angels, just noble earth people, but I felt we were in heaven or Paradise. Their faces shone with love. I was aware that their stirring happiness had to do with me. Someone beside me I could not see but knew was there, explained to me: "The Teachers wait. They are ready, able, and willing to help. But they must wait until called upon."

In the dream I knew that teachers outnumbered students who were willing to learn, that some of the teachers had waited a long time. I felt very sorry for them. As I drew near to them, I picked up their excitement. They wondered which one I would choose. I did not choose. I just stood there and began to weep. And woke up.

Lying awake, trying to understand the dream, the thought came to me that we do indeed have Holy Helpers, Project Managers and Teachers—and that they are people who once lived on earth. They are love persons, and somehow, they gain a great deal by helping earth people. It may well be, it came to me, that we could learn to contact our helper without any hocus-pocus whatever, without the aid of anyone else on earth, through laws of the mind already known and daily used. I wondered if I had done just that in the instance concerning my sister Pearl.

The Teachers Wait.

The idea followed me home and looked up at me from my typewriter as I worked on the book. The words of

Jesus Christ, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," became to me a haunting truth about life which, coupled with the Christmas night experience and all else that had been happening the past three years, led me to feel that we are on the threshold of an exciting new high in the teaching and practice of the Christian religion. It will be based on the promise "And greater things shall ye do," and a new emphasis will be made on man and his problems and on how to solve them by using the same power that Jesus Christ used, and in the same way. As I worked, my heart knew peace. Today, I walk beside the still waters. All is well.

Grief taught me much that joy never knew. I died to one world, one life, was born again into a new world of awareness, understanding due to the many answers to my questions, the research I did, the stories I heard. I am happier today than I ever have been in my whole life, even before I lost Herbert, for my Soul has climbed to new heights. Soul growth is the core of happiness. There is a song in my heart, a light on my path.

To sum up how I feel about Herbert's going I shall quote from a book that Herbert gave me on our first wedding anniversary: *You Can't Go Home Again*, by that American genius, Thomas Wolfe. Herbert read the closing of Wolfe's book many times and sometimes aloud, to me. In it, Wolfe's leading character, George Webber, wrote to his friend Fox:

"Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the

night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying:

“To lose the earth you know for greater knowing; to lose the life you have for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—’

“—Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising and the rivers flow.”

As the world knows, Wolfe turned in the manuscript of his last two novels, one of which contained the above passage, in May of 1938 and did not live to see them published. He died in September of that year.

In my own mind I am certain that Herbert now lives beyond the darkness of the mystery of death in a land that is larger than earth. And that he does indeed have greater loving and greater knowing there and is far happier than he or anyone else ever could be in this world.

And so my journey into grief has ended, but my journey into questions will go on in this world and, I feel, in all the worlds to come. For I am convinced that the Soul's highest need and ability is to expand forever and ever and that each new plateau reached is better, brighter, happier and far more rewarding than the one before.

Death is no crying matter.

CHAPTER

12

Summary of the Three Reasons Why I Believe We Live After Death

Indestructible power with a purpose . . . three persons in one
. . . bad seed . . . no place to hide . . . God is not a tyrant
. . . God will fail unless man succeeds.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; and such we are . . . it is not yet made manifest what we shall be."

1 JOHN 3: VS. 1-2 IN PART

All my life I have believed in life after death. But, as stated in Chapter One, it was a passive belief, based on my early Christian training, the opinions of others in high and low places, persons I respected and trusted, and on something in my own Soul, an instinct deeper than reason, perhaps a Soul memory.

Due to the personal experiences concerning the death of my husband, to research, and to answers to my Soul's questions, as reported in this book, I now have a *living conviction* that we couldn't die if we tried. This, I have

believed before, taught it, put it in my previous published books. The difference is that now I know *why* I so believe.

My three years' journey into questions, personal experiences, and other research reported in this volume brought in such a mass of material that showed me why I so believed that only a fraction of it could be used here. Most of it may never be used. But there is a need and a place for a general summary of some of the facts which turned my passive faith into an active, living faith. Here, then, is the summary of *three reasons why I believe we live after death*.

My three reasons are:

The nature of *life* itself, the nature of *man* and the nature of *God*. The facts as I see them are as follows:

A: THE NATURE OF LIFE ITSELF.

1. *Life cannot be defined.*

Nobody knows what life is beyond saying that the "life of man is God." Our remarks here must be limited to life in man, although I am convinced that our animal pets also live after death and that we shall see them again. Life certainly is a part, or a gift, of God. My working definition for life is: *An Indestructible Power with a Purpose*.

2. *The purpose of life is to grow.*

Purpose implies desire, decision, action, feelings, intelligence with a preconceived goal from the start. Life is

intelligent. It shows it has a well-defined purpose. It always knows what to do, whether in microbe, grain of wheat or man; it knows how to select, to use what it needs, to reject what it does not need. If elements needed for its purpose are not present, it quits that environment and goes on to another.

3. *The history of life in man.*

Life as it is invested in man, the race on earth, is convincing beyond any doubt that life never dies, grows old or weary; it cannot freeze, be burned up, drowned, dried out, blown away or in any other manner be destroyed. The forms it inhabits for a while can be and, from the first, are designed to be quitted and destroyed.

B: THE NATURE OF MAN, THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE HUMAN RACE.

1. *Man is a living Soul.*

The term Man comes from a root word which means a measure. Man is a measure, or a part, of God his Creator. The Soul is an Entity, a Self, a Word of God made manifest, created by God and therefore an offspring or a child of God.

2. *Man is three persons in one.*

Man the individual, a living Soul, "owns" and has use of three persons in one: *mind, spirit, body*. Through these

three, man the individual operates and gains experiences while on earth.

The *mind* of man is connected with the Mind of God, and with his mind man can reach and understand the mind of other men and of animals. Some highly evolved men can, I believe, contact atomic intelligence as in lower forms of life, plants and even minerals. The mind stores memories, experiences; it recalls and passes on ideas. It is the filing cabinet of the individual Soul.

The *spirit* of man is the holder or the field of intents and purposes, emotions, feelings, hates, fear, love, faith, beauty, joy, regrets, inspiration, aspiration, hope, pain and pleasure and has to do with music, art and man's need to worship.

The human *physical body* is the only one of the three persons which reaches full maturity while on earth. From helpless infancy, if its needs are met, it grows to its highest possible point of development. When, if for any reason—sickness, accident, old age—the body becomes unable to serve the needs of the ever-growing mind and spirit, the Soul discards it as a tenant moves out of a crumbling house. When the Soul, the living element, leaves the human body, we say the person is dead. The human body being made of earth elements must stay on earth. "The flesh profiteth nothing."

3. *Man, the individual Soul, never stops growing.*

The ever-evolving Soul, with all its new growth acquired while on earth and hence its memories, personal-

ity, developed abilities, talents, individuality of mind and spirit, goes on to a higher experience when it leaves the earth-body.

If the Soul has need of a new body or vehicle in which to learn and expand, it can and will create one suitable to the plane on which it will next live and work. For the Soul must work in order to grow. It must continue to use its creative powers of Mind and Spirit; its power of choice, selection, decision, accepting or rejecting responsibility. The laws under which the Soul exists and operates are in heaven as they are on earth. To understand what happens to the Soul after earth-death, we must look closely at earth-life of the Soul.

4. *As it is on earth: story of the human race.*

At first we were like animals, forcibly controlled by our instincts to keep our individual life spark burning, to pass on the life spark by procreation, to keep the race going and, in a measure, to obey the dictates of love as the only guarantee of assuring the success of the other two.

From the start there was another instinctive need in man, one so strong and deeply implanted that it never let him alone for an instant. That need, which developed along with the others and which soon began to guide him, is his *need for liberty*, for greater and greater freedom. It began at the physical level. To hollow out a log and float down the river gave him more freedom than walking or swimming down that river. To grow food, to live in one

place, gave him more freedom of time to devote to fulfilling his needs for love and learning.

These instincts to live, to love, to learn, to be free—are so important to the development of man, and man's development is so important to God, that satisfying these instincts could not be left to chance, and so at first, we were pulled by strings. Through trial and error, success and failure in our attempt to meet our needs, *reason developed*.

Our mental and spiritual powers increased until finally we grew to a state of *free-will consciousness* which in turn made way for a *moral consciousness* which was the goal from the first. Whether we say God granted it, or that it is earned, is immaterial. The important point is that we stand, today, Children of God, no longer forced or imprisoned by our instinctual needs. We are therefore *responsible for our free-will choice* as to how we meet our mental, physical, spiritual and freedom needs and the desire for more of life, love, truth and beauty, hour after hour and all the days of our life on earth. As we choose we grow forward and develop a moral consciousness, or we grow depraved and hold back our Soul growth.

5. *The outcome: there is no place to hide.*

Responsibility has to do with *eternal life*. The weight of man's responsibility for his free-will choices can hardly be overestimated. For the result of the Soul's choice, whether good, bad, or indifferent, becomes a part of the

Soul structure, as moral conscience, abilities and talents developed, personality and individuality. Thus we help our Soul to go forward or to be held back or to stand about where we are by our free-will choices, by obeying or refusing to live within certain spiritual laws.

The frightening part of this is that *we can, at least in theory, utterly destroy our own Soul*. We instinctively know this and that is why we fear death—not the pain, not the going, but the fear of absolute *annihilation*, absolute end, non-being. Which is, I believe, *the root of all our fears on earth*.

6. *Are some destroyed?*

Some of the greatest minds in the world have looked into this question: *Can God succeed in his Project, Man on Earth, if man, having evolved to free will, chooses to refuse to come under the moral laws, which alone will permit and enable him to develop his latent powers and abilities, to co-operate with God?* If man, the individual, chooses to live for the flesh alone, chooses to lie, to cheat, to steal, to kill for his private, individual benefit, can God stop him, having given him free will? If he is content to let others do his thinking, supply his needs, give him idle bread in exchange for his freedom and vote, he cannot develop. If man does so refuse to come under moral law, does live for the flesh alone, does refuse the responsibility of self-reliance, self-support, and fails to grow, what becomes of him after death? Are some destroyed as a farmer

destroys "bad" or inferior seed? Many think so. This point came up again and again in my personal research during the past three years, in questions at my lectures, in many letters received since my book on overcoming fear was published in 1962.

I do not accept the theory that some are destroyed. If I understand my Bible, Jesus Christ did not say that they would be destroyed. In answer to repeated questions and prayers I now have a working theory of what happens to the refusing Souls which satisfies my sense of justice, mercy, truth and beauty and allows me to continue to believe in a God of Love and of Law. But my theory does not belong in the scope of this book. For our purpose here we must limit our remarks to the Soul who will co-operate, try to learn, is quite conscious of his desire to live forever.

7. Marks of the individual Soul which indicate man is destined to live after death.

First, he *desires* to live after death and he *believes* he will live after death. Most men over the world do so desire and believe. They always have. As witness the ancient peoples—the Egyptians and their solar ship, the Chinese with food for the dead, the American Indians and their Happy Hunting Grounds, and the early race of men who piled stones on the graves of their beloved dead to keep wild animals out—they expected to see the faces of their loved ones again. And the great religions of the world, the science of archeology and of history of man on earth

pretty well prove that man always has believed in life after death and expected to see and to recognize his loved ones again. Millions of people now living believe in reincarnation. The list of the great of earth who have and those who do believe in reincarnation is a long and impressive one. There is a rising tide of interest in reincarnation, as witness the present trend in study and research in many Protestant Christian churches in this country.

8. *He wants to grow forever.*

The more highly evolved the individual, the more surely he wants something bigger, something better, something more, and he works for it all his life long. Some call this desire "being civilized." I think of it as the Voice of God, saying to Man, Come up higher. Certainly man's desire for more and more good is built-in, and is of the Soul. It cannot end with earth-death because it is only the body that dies. The Soul leaves it and goes on.

9. *Man needs and wants love.*

Man naturally is a worshiping being. He must love or he cannot reach out, grow. History shows that what we think God to be and to be to us, we work out in our lives and affairs. Ideas of a cruel God lead to cruelty. Always man has sought to win the love of God, instinctively knowing God to be the source of his life, and not being sure about death and the beyond. "What must we do to be saved?" is man's oldest cry.

10. *Man wants answers to his questions.*

The individual who tries to get answers to his questions is unconsciously trying to co-operate with God. He makes the greatest strides when he consciously asks, with a set purpose. Trying to get answers to his questions has brought man, the race, from the cave to where he is to-day and to his desire to find and to know God. Man the individual cannot get all the answers to his questions in one short lifetime on earth. It stands to reason that he will have to live after earth-death.

11. *The growing Soul is the grateful Soul.*

If love and gratitude are to be rewarded or to grow to their natural destiny, there must be continued life for the individual. Otherwise there is no purpose for morals, love, the earth lifetime struggle of the individual always to be good. A power and mind higher than his own implanted the ideas of moral growth in his heart. Under the law of cause and effect, sowing and reaping, which is never broken, goodness must be rewarded. It so often is not rewarded in this lifetime, and our own sense of justice leads us to the belief such reward does come in another lifetime.

12. *Man's need for freedom.*

There can be little growth without freedom to experiment, try, succeed, fail, to follow inward leadings, to accept, to refuse. When conditions on earth become such that a man can no longer grow by free-will choice and

actions, when he is forced to live and to earn a living under conditions which are against his moral consciousness, he has no purpose in staying on earth. The desire for liberty is proof of the Soul's growth. This desire expands all his life until moral values outweigh his desire for earth-life. He comes to the place where he realizes that each man must earn freedom for himself and to hold it dearer than life on earth. This in itself is a proof of instinctive knowing he lives after death.

13. *Man's final freedom is assured.*

The freedom that began on a physical level is destined to grow to the final freedom which Jesus Christ knew, demonstrated and declared that all men have in potential. He proved he had it by his dominion over nature, his miracles of changing water to wine, multiplying the loaves and fishes, healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out demons and by walking on water. He proved it by his ability to contact God at any time, to remember his life before earth-birth, to read the mind and hearts of others, and to know what was to happen years before it came to pass. And finally, by his resurrection from earth-death, which he had declared would take place.

Clearly, the final goal of man the individual is perfected freedom. The time will come when man has the knowledge, mental and spiritual strength within himself, the ability to protect himself from all the combined greed, from the lust for power by the exploiters, and the war makers, from the mistakes of others, from threats and

hurts inflicted by the refusing and the unknowing Souls.

Eventually the individual man will become a self-contained, self-supporting unit by fully developing the creative power God already has given him. He, too, will be able to work directly with atomic intelligence, to turn water to wine, and to heal the sick by the power of his word. Man will then no longer be a slave to the seasons, the times of planting and harvesting.

This new race of men will create a heaven on earth. There will be perfect harmony, every tear will be wiped away, no more fear or hurt will remain, for then no man can harm another. Men will love like a brother, as God loves them, loving and asking nothing in return. By giving all they will receive all. There will be no walls of fear or hate between them. To achieve this state of individual perfection man will have to have many lifetimes.

C: THE NATURE OF GOD.

1. *God cannot be defined.*

It is not within the power of our mind to define God. But we can look at some of the truth, fact found out, we know and determine something of the nature of God and arrive at some working conclusions.

2. *God is a God of Law.*

All nature as we know it is governed by law. All law is impersonal and universal so far as we know it. These

laws execute themselves, as the law of gravity. We cannot break a single one of them. We can learn the nature of these laws and how to work with them to gain individual ends, to meet needs and to grow. For example: we can fly planes and make ships of iron that float. But a ball thrown into the air will forever fall and a piece of iron will forever sink in water. Through the ages some Power outside of man has planted questions in his mind, desires in his heart and has led and driven him onward and upward, helping him to discover laws. Each new discovery leads to a train of law. The entire Universe is run by law.

We can trust God because we can trust law. We do not have to wheedle, beg, or placate God. Hence all power, whether of the mind, body or spirit, which controls love, wisdom, freedom, life and death is subject to laws which can be learned and taught.

The total laws under which we live on earth and in heaven is the *will of God*. Just as a man on earth makes a will to protect his family, to carry out his wishes concerning his affairs, even concerning his unborn child, so I think God's will was made before he created man. Part of God's will, I believe, is that man, his created being, shall live forever, and that God will continue to create through him to a point where man can create fully for himself, using the same power God uses. I believe God's will has protected the life, love and freedom of man to an extent that we cannot at present understand; and that it insures man the individual a future on earth that is good

beyond his highest hopes and dreams and guarantees him eternal life.

3. *God is a God of Love.*

No one can fully define love. We can say that love is "caring about" with all the fervor of which the heart is capable. But that does not tell it all. We know that love acts, that it forever seeks to promote the highest welfare of the object of its affections, be it person, plan, or principle, such as integrity, freedom, truth, justice, beauty, worth, or even of love itself.

Why did God create man? For a scientific purpose, to experiment? A Power great enough to create our Universe, to produce a planet such as ours, mechanically perfect beyond our understanding, to support human life, hardly needs to experiment further. I therefore conclude that *God so needed* the love of a living Soul, a being something like Himself, that He created man and has brought him carefully, surely, on his way from the beginning to now with the hope that this Son would grow to the point of understanding and gratitude where he would finally love his Creator in return. And beyond that, eventually would work directly with God.

Since love must be spontaneous or it has no existence at all, since it cannot be contrived or ordered, I conclude that only a God of Love could have conceived such a being as man and run the risk of total failure in His experiment. Man, with his free will, can offer or withhold love for God as the refusing Souls have proved.

4. *God is a Father.*

The fact that God is Law and God is Love and that God needs the love of man but has created him so that he has free will to withhold or to offer that love leads me to believe that God's relationship to man is that of a loving, all-wise, patient Father. This relationship shows why there is a power of prayer, and how and why man can contact the Soul of the Universe, and why the Soul of the Universe, God, can and does contact the Soul of the individual, man. It explains man's intelligence, his capacity and need for love and his history of continued growth on earth.

5. *God is a liberator.*

God is not a tyrant. All dictators depend upon the curtailment of freedom of body, mind and spirit of the individual to start with, and they then pass laws in order to carry out their intent and purpose to overrun and rule with an iron fist. These laws lead to loss of freedom, imprisonment, and finally to death for failure to obey the demands of the dictator. If death ends all for man the individual, then God is a tyrant.

6. *God does not punish.*

Cruelty springs from weakness. Only strength can love. Love frees. Fear imprisons. Perfect love casts out fear. Hate is a defense against fear. God has nothing to fear and so He has nothing to hate, nothing to punish. Anger

also is a defense against fear, a desire to have things changed, sometimes instantly, coupled with the feeling of helplessness to do so which creates frustration and often desire for revenge. God is not angry. God is omnipotent. He can make a Universe to His liking. How could God be angry about anything? Or desire to punish by whim or caprice? God is a God of Law. Man is not punished for his sins, his mistakes, but by them. He punishes himself here and hereafter under the law of cause and effect, the law Jesus taught as that of sowing and reaping. Man creates his own private heaven or hell out of his own free-will mind as he uses the power God has given him. This one law alone proves the greatness of God and His boundless love for man: that man is left to judge and to punish himself. It could not be otherwise for a being with eternal life. This law of man's self-punishment presupposes that man not only lives after death, but is destined to grow forever.

7. *God is honest.*

The foregoing facts lead me to believe in the *integrity* of God. God has implanted within man the *desire* to live after death. He could not then deny him life and keep His integrity. God must keep His word, direct or implied, or the Universe would fall apart. It had to be set up with wisdom and integrity, for as an engineer knows, his bridge will fall if he is incompetent in making the measurements or dishonestly uses inferior materials for the structure. "A word once uttered can never be recalled." Every indi-

vidual is a Word of God. Only integrity could create a man, provide him with moral consciousness and give him free will and liberty. The integrity of God guarantees life after death for man.

8. *God has a plan for man.*

In all nature a great need presupposes a great supply. Man's need for freedom is so large, so well defined, that the individual Soul will have to live forever if it is to work out to complete freedom, even greater than that which Jesus Christ knew and used on earth. Since the success of God's Project, Man on earth, depends upon liberty for the individual and for exercising his free will, it could not be less in the next world. Therefore, death sets the Soul free from the earth-body and limitations in order to go on to higher freedom.

9. *God is concerned with life.*

Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, once said, "It is a great mistake to suppose that God is only, or even chiefly, concerned with religion." With that view I agree. God is concerned with expanding life! The very idea of death as an ending of the life of man violates our innate sense of truth, harmony, beauty, love, wisdom, justice and common sense. This is the Spirit of God in us proclaiming His works good.

Earth-death is merely a part of eternal life. For the purpose of life is to expand forever. Earth-death is but

the changing gears from one speed of vibration to another, as Jesus Christ made plain when He warned Mary not to touch Him, when He first appeared to her after coming from the tomb. He then had a different kind of body and later materialized it into a physical body so that when Doubting Thomas touched the wounded side he knew for sure that this was his Master. Without that very material evidence the early Christian religion might never have survived the first century—a thought too fraught with horror to contemplate until one remembers that there were Angels in charge from the first to the last moment of the total plan of Jesus Christ on earth.

God is concerned with expanding life. God can be counted on. Our hope for life after death is proof that it so shall be.

10. *God is stuck with us.*

I believe that the very life of man *is* God in him and that the only love we know and use and share is God in us.

I believe that God, having created us, a living Soul, given us love, free will, creative power like His own, and turned us loose to grow up, to find the spiritual laws, to discover the Universe and our own Souls, could not then destroy us without destroying a part of Himself. God could not destroy a part of Himself and continue to be God. Therefore, man is a deathless being. He couldn't die if he tried. Neither life nor death are in his keeping.

11. *We are stuck with God.*

Because we are deathless beings, we are stuck with God. We cannot die but we can and will suffer on earth and in heaven for our mistakes and infractions of spiritual laws. There is no place to hide because there is no place where God is not. And where God is there are the unbreakable laws of cause and effect, sowing and reaping. But there are also eternal life and everlasting love. God is fair. And even though we fail ten thousand times, there still is hope and help for the one who desires to grow, to co-operate with God's plan for man. We can take as long as we need to reach a state of complete freedom, wisdom and love, to where we can be true Sons of God, co-workers with Him. We may not know or care very much about God or even believe in Him, but there is no way to get rid of Him. We are stuck with Him and He with us for eternity. This fact is part of the truth which Christ declared man would learn and which would set him free. I believe this fact alone is enough to unite the world of men in the common cause of a better world through better people. Eventually all religions will be reconciled on the fact that man was made to last forever.

12. *God will fail unless man succeeds.*

Man is at present incapable of realizing his importance to God. Everything we have discovered about the Universe and the history of man on earth indicates God's plan for man is greater and more glorious than man as yet can

understand. The individual who accepts this truth and earnestly tries to work with God will find that it frees him from fear and struggle. It will open new worlds of power, peace, wisdom, happiness and love to him. He will find that he can surge ahead of evolution, which takes care of Soul growth at a general level.

In one of my published books, I said, "God wins more than you, when you make your dreams come true." Before the experiences concerning the death of my husband, and my three years' journey into questions, this statement was a working premise. I believed it at a dormant faith level. Today I am convinced that it is pure truth and is the foundation on which the relationship of God and man rests. It furnishes the only guarantee we need that we do indeed live after death.

ALTHOUGH Stella Terrill Mann had always had a passive belief in life after death, some experiences shortly before and after her husband's death in 1961 sent her on a search for the truth. This book is a report of that three-year quest. Here are the questions she asked and the answers she received. Here are all of the events which enable her to say, "Today I have a clear understanding, three definite reasons why I believe we live after death."

yond the darkness of our ignorance, fear, unknowing, and our smug Christian assurance that we already have all the answers, lies a whole new world of facts which could open a better way of life than man has yet known. It could cement the human race into a common goal through common knowledge.

To whom it is addressed: To those who want answers to their questions, who want to venture beyond the darkness.

What I hope the book will do for the reader: Set a fire in his heart to examine his own ESP experiences, dreams, family stories of such experiences as are related in this book. For out of a wide interest from people in all walks of life surely would come new facts.

I see a new plateau in the Christian religion. It will take as its central theme the promise of Jesus Christ, "And greater things shall ye do." Questioning and informed people will spearhead this new emphasis on help for the individual now, in this world, and lead on to new knowledge of the world to come.